THE
Country-Wife.
A
COMEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

Written by Mr. *Wycherley.*

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Compositum illepidéve putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam Antiquis, sed honorem & pramia posci.
Horat.

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Briscoe* in *Russel-street Covent-Garden*, and *Daniel Dring* at the *Harrow* in *Fleet-street.* 1695.

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PROLOGUE, ſpoken by Mr. *Hart.*

POets, like Cudgel'd Bullies, never do
At firſt, or ſecond blow, ſubmit to you;
But will provoke you ſtill, and ne'er have done,
Till you are weary firſt, with laying on:
The late ſo baffled Scribler of this day,
Though he ſtands trembling, bids me boldly ſay,
What we before moſt Plays are us'd to do,
For Poets out of fear, firſt draw on you;
In a fierce Prologue, the ſtill Pit deſie,
And e'er you ſpeak, like Caſtril, *give the lye;*
But though our Bayſes *Battles oft I've fought,*
And with bruis'd knuckles, their dear conqueſts bought;
Nay, never yet fear'd Odds upon the Stage,
In Prologue dare not Hector with the Age,
But wou'd take Quarter from your ſaving hands,
Though Bayſe *within all yielding Countermands,*
Says you Confed'rate Wits no Quarter give,
Ther'fore his Play ſhan't ask your leave to live:
Well, let the vain raſh Fop, by huffing ſo,
Think to obtain the better terms of you;
But we, the Actors, humbly will ſubmit,
Now, and at any time, to a full Pit;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder Poets for you, on our Stage:
We ſet no Guards upon our Tyring-Room,
But when with flying colours, there you come,
We patiently, you ſee, give up to you
Our Poets, Virgins, nay, our Matrons too.

The

The Perſons.

MR. *Horner*,	Mr. *Hart.*
Mr. *Harcourt*,	Mr. *Kenaſton*,
Mr. *Dorilant*,	Mr. *Lydal.*
Mr. *Pinchwife*,	Mr. *Mohun.*
Mr. *Sparkiſh*,	Mr. *Haynes.*
Sir *Jaſper Fidget*,	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Mrs. *Margery Pinchwife*,	Mrs. *Bowtel.*
Mrs. *Alithea*,	Mrs. *James.*
My Lady *Fidget*,	Mrs. *Knep.*
Mrs. *Dainty Fidget.*	Mrs. *Corbet.*
Mrs. *Squeamiſh*,	Mrs. *Wyatt.*
Old Lady *Squeamiſh.*	Mrs. *Rutter.*

Waiters, Servants, *and* Attendants.

A *Boy.*	
A *Quack*,	Mr. *Shotterel.*
Lucy, *Alithea*'s Maid,	Mrs. *Cory.*

The SCENE *London.*

THE Country Wife.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Horner, *and* Quack *following him at a diſtance.*

Hor. A Quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for a Bawd, they are ſtill but in their way, both helpers of Nature. —— [*aſide.*] —— Well, my dear Doctor, haſt thou done what I deſired?

Qu. I have undone you for ever with the Women, and reported you throughout the whole Town as bad as an *Eunuch*, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earneſt.

Hor. But have you told all the Midwives you know, the Orange Wenches at the Play-houſes, the City Husbands, and old Fumbling Keepers of this end of the Town, for they'll be the readieſt to report it.

Qu. I have told all the Chamber-maids, Waiting-women, Tyre-women, and Old Women of my acquaintance; nay, and whiſper'd it as a ſecret to 'em, and to the Whiſperers of *Whitehall*; ſo that you need not doubt 'twill ſpread, and you will be as odious to the handſome young Women, as ——

Hor. As the ſmall Pox. —— Well ——

Qu. And to the married Women of this end of the Town, as ——

Hor. As the great ones; nay; as their own Husbands.

Qu. And to the City Dames as Annis-ſeed *Robin*, of filthy and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their Children with your name, eſpecially their Females.

Hor. And cry *Horner*'s coming to carry you away: I am only afraid 'twill not be believ'd; you told 'em it was by an *Engliſh-French* Diſaſter, and an *Engliſh-French* Chirurgeon, who has given me at once, not only a Cure, but an Antidote for the future, againſt that damn'd Malady, and that worſe Diſtemper Love, and all other Women's Evils.

Qu. Your late journey into *France* has made it the more credible, and your being here a Fortnight before you appear'd in publick, looks as if you apprehended the ſhame which I wonder you do not: Well I have been hired by young Gallants to belye 'em t'other way; but you are the firſt wou'd be thought a Man unfit for Women.

Hor. Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain Rogues be contented only to be thought abler Men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleaſure they have; but mine lies another way.

Qu. You take, methinks, a very prepoſterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we Operators in Phyſick, ſhou'd put forth Bills to diſparage our Medicaments, with hopes to

Hor. Doctor, there are Quacks in love, as well as Phyſick, who get but the fewer and worſe Patients, for their boaſting; a good name is ſeldom got by giving it ones ſelf, and Women no more than honour are compaſs'd by bragging: Come, come Doctor, the wiſeſt Lawyer never diſcovers the merits of his cauſe till the tryal; the wealthieſt Man conceals his Riches, and the cunning Gameſter his Play; Shy Husbands and Keepers, like old, Rooks are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractis'd trick; falſe Friendſhip will paſs now no more than falſe Dice upon 'em; no not in the City.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There are two Ladies and a Gentleman coming up.

Hor. A Pox, ſome unbelieving Siſters of my former acquaintance, who I am afraid, expect their ſenſe ſhou'd be ſatisfi'd of the falſity of the report. No——— this formal Fool and Women! *Enter Sir* Jaſper Fidget *Lady* Fidget, *and Mrs.* Dainty Fidget.

Qu. His Wife and Siſter.

Sir Gaſp. My Coach breaking juſt now before your door, Sir, I look upon as an occaſional reprimand to me, Sir, for not kiſſing your hands, Sir, ſince your coming out of *France*, Sir; and ſo my diſaſter, Sir, has been my good fortune, Sir; and this is my Wife, and Siſter, Sir.

Hor. What then, Sir?

Sir Jaſp. My Lady, and Siſter, Sir. ——Wife, this is Maſter *Horner*.

Lady Fid. Maſter *Horner*, Husband!

Sir Jaſp. My Lady, my Lady *Fidget*, Sir.

Hor. So, Sir.

Sir Jaſp. Won't you be acquainted with her, Sir?

[So the report is true, I find by his coldneſs or averſion to the Sex; but I'll play the wag with him.] [*Aſide.*

Pray ſalute my Wife, my Lady, Sir.

Hor. I will kiſs no Man's Wife, Sir, for him, Sir, I have taken my eternal leave, Sir, of the Sex already, Sir.

Sir Jaſp. Hah, hah, hah; I'll plague him yet. [*Aſide.*

Not know my Wife, Sir?

Hor. I do know your Wife, Sir, ſhe's a Woman, Sir; and conſequently a Monſter, Sir, a greater Monſter than a Husband, Sir.

Sir Jaſp. A Husband; how Sir?

Hor. So, Sir; but I make no more Cuckolds, Sir. [*makes horns.*

Sir Jaſp. Hah, hah, hah, *Mercury*, *Mercury*.

Lady Fid. Pray, Sir *Jaſper*, let us be gone from this rude Fellow.

Mrs. Daint. Who by his breeding, wou'd think, he had ever been in *France*?

La. Fid. Foh, he's but too much a *French* Fellow, ſuch as hate Women of quality and virtue, for their love to their Husbands, Sir *Jaſper*; a Woman is hated by 'em as much for loving her Husband, as for loving their Money: But pray let's be gone.

Hor. You do well, Madam, for I have nothing that you came for: I have brought over not ſo much as a Bawdy Picture, new Poſtures, nor the ſecond Part of the *Eſcole de Filles*; Nor———

Qu. Hold for ſhame, Sir; what d'ye mean? you'll ruine your ſelf for ever with the Sex——— [*apart to* Horner.

Sir Jaſp. Hah, hah, hah, he hates Women perfectly I find.

Dain. What pity 'tis he ſhou'd.

La. Fid.

La. Fid. Ay, he's a baſe rude Fellow for't; but affectation makes not a Woman more odious to them, than Virtue.

Hor. Becauſe your Virtue is your greateſt affectation, Madam

La. Fid. How, you ſawcy Fellow, wou'd you wrong my honour?

Hor. If I cou'd.

La. Fid. How d'ye mean, Sir?

Sir Jaſ. Hah, hah, hah, no he can't wrong your Ladyſhip's honour, upon my honour; he poor Man —— hark you in your ear —— a mere *Eunuch.*

La. Fid. O filthy *French* Beaſt, foh, foh, why do we ſtay? let's be gone; I can't endure the ſight of him.

Sr. Jaſ. Stay, but till the Chairs come, they'll be here preſently.

La. Fid. No, no.

Sr. Jaſ. Nor can I ſtay longer; 'tis — let me ſee, a quarter and a half quarter of a minute paſt eleven; the Council will be ſate, I muſt away; buſineſs muſt be preferr'd always before Love and Ceremony with the wiſe Mr. *Horner.*

Hor. And the Impotent Sir *Jaſper.*

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, ay, the Impotent Maſter *Horner*, hah, hah, hah.

Lad. Fid. What leave us with a filthy Man alone in his Lodgings?

Sr. Jaſ. He's an innocent Man now you know; pray ſtay, I'll haſten the Chairs to you —— Mr. *Horner* your Servant, I ſhould be glad to ſee you at my houſe; pray come and dine with me, and play at Cards with my Wife after dinner, you are fit for Women at that game yet, hah, ha —— ['Tis as much a Husbands prudence to provide innocent diverſion for a Wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleaſures; and he had beter employ her, than let her employ her ſelf. (*Aſide.*

Farewel. (*Exit Sir* Jaſper.

Hor. Your Servant, Sir *Jaſper.*

La. Fid. I will not ſtay with him, foh ——

Hor. Nay, Madam, I beſeech you ſtay, if it be but to ſee, I can be as civil to Ladies yet, as they wou'd deſire.

La. Fid No, no, foh, you cannot be civil to Ladies.

Dain. You as civil as Ladies wou'd deſire.

La. Fid. No, no, no, foh, foh, foh. (*Exeunt Lady* Fid. *and* Dainty.

Qu. Now I think, I, or you your ſelf rather, have done your buſineſs with the Women.

Hor. Thou art an Aſs, don't you ſee already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave Man of buſineſs leaves his Wife in my Lodgings, invites me to his Houſe and Wife who before wou'd not be acquainted with me out of jealouſie.

Qu. Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the Husbands, but the leſs with the Wives.

Hor. Let me alone, If I can but abuſe the Husbands, I'll ſoon diſabuſe the Wives: Stay —— I'll reckon you up the advantages, I am like to have by my Stratagem: Firſt, I ſhall be rid of all my old Acquaintances, the moſt inſatiable ſort of Duns, that invade our Lodgings in a Morning: And next to the pleaſure of making a New Miſtreſs, is that of being rid of an old One, and of all old Debts; Love when it comes to be ſo, is paid the moſt unwillingly.

Qu. Well you may be ſo rid of your old Acquaintances; but how will you get any new Ones?

Hor. Doctor, thou wilt never make a good Chymiſt, thou art ſo incredulous and im-

patient; ask but all the young Fellows of the Town, if they do not loſe more time like Huntſmen, in ſtarting the game, than in running it down; one knows not where to find 'em, who will, or will not; Women of Quality are ſo civil, you can hardly diſtinguiſh love from good breeding, and a Man is often miſtaken; but now I can be ſure, ſhe that ſhews an averſion to me loves the ſport; as thoſe Women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right: And then the next thing, is your Women of Honour, as you call 'em, are only chary of their reputations, not their Perſons, and 'tis ſcandal they wou'd avoid, not Men: Now may I have, by the reputation of an *Eunuch*, the Priviledges of One; and be ſeen in a Ladies Chamber in a morning as early as her Husband; kiſs Virgins before their Parents, or Lovers; and may be in ſhort the *Pas par tout* of the Town. Now, Doctor.

Qu. Nay, now you ſhall be the Doctor; and your Proceſs is ſo new, that we do not know but it may ſucceed.

Hor. Not ſo new neither, *Probatum eſt*, Doctor.

Qu. Well, I wiſh you luck and many Patients whil'ſt I go to mine. [*Exit.* Quack.

Enter Harcourt, *and* Dorilant *to* Horner.

Har. Come, your appearance at the Play yeſterday, has I hope hardned you for the future againſt the Womens contempt, and the Mens raillery; and now you'll abroad as you were wont.

Hor. Did I not bear it bravely?

Dor. With a moſt Theatrical impudence; nay, more than the Orange-Wenches ſhew there, or a drunken Vizard Mask, or a great belly'd Actreſs; nay, or the moſt impudent of Creatures, an ill Poet; or what is yet more impudent, a ſecond-hand Critick.

Hor. But what ſay the Ladies, have they no pity?

Har. What Ladies? the Vizard Maſques you know never pity a Man when all's gone, though in their Service.

Dor. And for the Woman in the Boxes, you'd never pity them, when 'twas in your power.

Har. They ſay, 'tis pity but all that deal with common Women ſhou'd be ſerv'd ſo.

Dor. Nay, I dare ſwear, they won't admit you to play at Cards with them, go to Plays with 'em, or do the little duties which other Shadows of Men are wont to do for 'em.

Hor. Who do you call Shadows of Men?

Dor. Half Men.

Hor. What Boys?

Dor. Ay, your old Boys, old *Beaux Garcons*, who like ſuperannuated Stallions are ſuffered to run, feed, and whinny with the Mares as long as they live, though they can do nothing elſe.

Hor. Well, a Pox on love and wenching. Women ſerve but to keep a Man from better Company: though I can't enjoy them, I ſhall you the more; good fellowſhip and friendſhip, are laſting, rational and manly pleaſures.

Har. For all that give me ſome of thoſe pleaſures, you call effeminate too, they help to reliſh one another.

Hor. They diſturb on another.

Har. No, Miſtreſſes are like Books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for Company; but if us'd diſcreetly, you are the fitter for converſation by 'em.

Dor. A

Dor. A Miſtreſs ſhou'd be like a little Country Retreat near the Town, not to dwell in conſtantly, but only for a night and away; to taſte the Town the better when a Man returns.

Hor. I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Women, as 'tis to be a good Fellow, a good Friend, and a Lover of Money: You cannot follow both, then chooſe your ſide; Wine gives you liberty, Love takes it away.

Dor. Gad, he's in the right on't.

Hor. Wine gives you joy, Love grief and tortures; beſides the Chirurgeon's Wine makes us witty, Love only ſots: Wine makes us ſleep, Love breaks it.

Dor. By the World he has reaſon, *Harcourt.*

Hor. Wine makes———

Dor. Ay, Wine makes———makes us Princes, Love makes us Beggars, poor Rogues, y'gad———and Wine———

Hor. So, there's one converted———No, no, Love and Wine, Oil and Vinegar.

Har. I grant it; Love will ſtill be uppermoſt.

Hor. Come, for my part I will have only thoſe glorious, manly pleaſures of being very drunk, and very ſlovenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. *Sparkiſh* is below, Sir.

Har. What, my dear Friend! a Rogue that is fond of me, only I think for abuſing him.

Dor. No, he can no more think the Men laugh at him, than that Women jilt him, his opinion of himſelf is ſo good.

Hor. Well, there's another pleaſure by drinking, I thought not of, I ſhall loſe his acquaintance, becauſe he cannot drink; and you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him, for he's one of thoſe nauſeous offerers at wit, who like the worſt Fidlers run themſelves into all Companies.

Har. One, that by being in the Company of Men of ſenſe wou'd paſs for one.

Hor. And may ſo the ſhort-ſighted World, as a falſe Jewel amongſt true ones, is not diſern'd at a diſtance; his Company is as troubleſome to us, as a Cuckolds, when you have a mind to his Wife's.

Har. No, the Rogue will not let us enjoy one another, but raviſhes our converſation, though he ſignifies no more to't, than Sir *Martin Mar-all*'s gaping, and auker'd thrumming upon the Lute, does to his Man's Voice, and Muſick.

Dor. And to paſs for a Wit in Town, ſhews himſelf a Fool every night to us, that are guilty of the Plot.

Hor. Such Wits as he, are to a Company of reaſonable Men, like Rooks to the Gameſters, who only fill a room at the Table, but are ſo far from contributing to the Play, that they only ſerve to ſpoil the fancy of thoſe that do.

Dor. Nay, they are us'd like Rooks too, ſnub'd, check'd, and abus'd; yet the Rogues will hang on.

Hor. A Pox on 'em, and all that force Nature; and wou'd be ſtill what ſhe forbids em; Affectation is her greateſt Monſter.

Har. Moſt Men are the contraries to that they wou'd ſeem; your Bully you ſee, is a Coward with a long Sword; the little humbly fawning Phyſician with his Ebony Cane, is he that deſtroys Men.

Dor. The Uſurer, a poor Rogue, poſſeſs'd of moldly Bonds, and Mortgages; and we they call ſpend-thrifts, are only wealthy, who lay out his money upon daily new purchaſes of pleaſure.

Hor. Ay,

Hor. Ay, your erranteſt Cheat, is your Truſtee, or Executor; your jealous Man, the greateſt Cuckold; your Church man, the greateſt Atheiſt, and your noiſie pert Rogue of a Wit, the greateſt Fop, dulleſt Aſs, and worſt Company, as you ſhall ſee: For here he comes.

Enter Sparkiſh *to them.*

Spar. How is't Sparks, how is't? Well Faith, *Harry*, I muſt railly thee a little, ha, ha, ha, upon the report in Town of thee, ha, ha, ha, I can't hold y' Faith; ſhall I ſpeak?

Hor. Yes, but you'll be ſo bitter then.

Spar. Honeſt *Dick* and *Frank* here ſhall anſwer for me, I will not be extreme bitter, by the Univerſe.

Har. We will be bound in ten thouſand pound Bond, he ſhall not be bitter at all.

Dor. Nor ſharp, nor ſweet.

Hor. What, not down right inſipid?

Spar. Nay then, ſince you are ſo briſk, and provoke me, take what follows; you muſt know, I was diſcourſing and raillying with ſome Ladies yeſterday, and they hapned to talk of the fine new Signs in Town.

Hor. Very fine Ladies I believe.

Spar. Said I, I know where the beſt new Sign is. Where ſays one of the Ladies? In *Covent-Garden*, I repli'd. Said another, in what Street? In *Ruſſel Street*, anſwered I. Lord ſays another, I'm ſure there was ne'er a fine new Sign there yeſterday. Yes, but there was, ſaid I again, and it came out of *France*, and has been there a fortnight.

Dor. A Pox, I can hear no more, prethee.

Hor. No hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while.

Har. The worſt Muſick the greateſt preparation.

Spar. Nay, faith, I'll make you laugh. It cannot be, ſays a third Lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again. Says a fourth Lady, ——

Hor. Look to't, we'll have no more Ladies.

Spar. No. —— then mark, mark, now, ſaid I to the fourth, did you never ſee Mr. *Horner*; he lodges in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, and he's a ſign of a Man, you know, ſince he came out of *France*, heh, hah, he.

Hor. But the Devil take me, if thine be the ſign of a jeſt.

Spar. With that they all fell a laughing, till they bepiſs'd themſelves: what, but it does not move you, methinks? well ſee one had as good go to Law without a witneſs, as break a jeſt without a laughter on ones ſide. Come, come, Sparks, but where do we dine, I have left at *Whitehall* an Earl to dine with you.

Dor. Why, I thought thou hadſt lov'd a Man with a Title better, than a Suit with a *French* triming to't.

Har. Go to him again.

Spar. No, Sir, a wit to me is the greateſt title in the World.

Hor. But go dine with your Earl, Sir, he may be exceptious; we are your Friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do aſſure you.

Har. Nay, faith he ſhall go to him.

Spar. Nay, pray Gentlemen.

Dor. We'll thruſt you out, if you wo'not, what diſappoint any Body for us?

Spar. Nay, dear Gentlemen hear me.

Hor. No, no, Sir, by no means; pray, go Sir.

Spar. Why, dear Rogues. (*They all thruſt him out of the Room.*

Dor. No,

Dor. No, no.

All. Ha, ha, ha. [Spar. *returns.*

Spar. But, Sparks, pray hear me; what d'ye think I'll eat then with gay ſhallow Fops, and ſilent Coxcombs? I think wit as neceſſary at Dinner, as a glaſs of good Wine, and that's the reaſon I never have any ſtomach when I eat alone —— Come but where do we dine?

Hor. Even where you will.

Spar. At *Chatelin*'s.

Dor. Yes, if you will.

Spar. Or at the *Cock*.

Dor. Yes, if you pleaſe.

Spar. Or at the *Dog* and *Partridge*.

Hor. Ay, if you have a mind to't, for we ſhall dine at neither

Spar. Pſhaw, with your fooling we ſhall loſe the new Play; and I wou'd no more miſs ſeeing a new Play the firſt day, than I wou'd miſs ſetting in the Wits Row; therefore I'll go fetch my Miſtreſs and away. [*Exit* Sparkiſh.

Manent Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant; *Enter to them Mr.* Pinchwife.

Hor. Who have we here, *Pinchwife*?

Mr. Pinch. Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Hor. Well, *Jack*, by thy long abſence from the Town, the grumneſs of thy countenance, and the ſlovenlineſs of thy habit; I ſhou'd give thee joy, ſhou'd I not, of Marriage?

Mr. Pin. [Death does he know I'm married too? I thought to have conceal'd it from him at leaſt.] (*Aſide.*

My long ſtay in the Country will excuſe my dreſs, and I have a ſuit of Law, that brings me up to Town, that puts me out of humour; beſides I muſt give *Sparkiſh* to morrow five thouſand pound to lie with my Siſter.

Hor. Nay, you Country Gentlemen rather than not purchaſe, will buy any thing, and he is a crackt Title, if we may quibble: Well, but am I to give thee joy, I heard thou wert marry'd?

Mr. Pin. What then?

Hor. Why, the next thing that is to be heard, is thou art a Cuckhold.

Mr. Pin. Inſupportable name. [*Aſide.*

Hor. But I did not expect Marriage from ſuch a Whoremaſter as you, one that knew the Town ſo much, and Women ſo well.

Mr. Pin. Why, I have marry'd no *London* Wife.

Hor. Pſhaw, that's all one, that grave circumſpection in marrying a Country Wife, is like refuſing a deceitful pamper'd *Smithfield* Jade, to go and be cheated by a Friend in the Country.

Mr. Pin. A Pox on him and his Simile. (*Aſide.*

At leaſt we are little ſurer of the breed there, know what her keeping has been, whether foyl'd or unſound.

Hor. Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in *Wales*, and there are Cozens, Juſtices Clerks, and Chaplains in the Country, I won't ſay Coach-men; but ſhe's handſome and young?

Pin. I'll anſwer as I ſhou'd do. [*Aſide.*

No, no, ſhe has no beauty, but her youth; no attraction, but her modeſty, wholeſome, homely, and houſewifely, that's all.

Dor. He

Dor. He talks as like a Grasier as he looks.

Pin. She's too auker'd, ill-favour'd, and silly to bring to Town.

Har. Then methinks you shou'd bring her to be taught breeding.

Pin. To be taught; no, Sir, I thank you, good Wives, and private Soldiers shou'd be Ignorant. —— [I'll keep her from your Instructions, I warrant you.

Har. The Rogue is as jealous, as if his Wife were not ignorant. [*Aside.*

Hor. Why if she be ill-favour'd, there will be less danger here for you, than by leaving her in the Country; we have such variety of dainties that we are seldom hungry.

Dor. But they have always course, constant, swinging stomachs in the Country.

Har. Foul Feeders indeed.

Dor. And your Hospitality is great there.

Har. Open house, every Man's welcome.

Pin. So, so, Gentlemen.

Hor. But prethee, why wou'dst thou marry her? if she be ugly, ill bred, and silly, she must be rich then.

Pin. As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pound out of this Town, for she'll be as sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a *London* Baggage wou'd be to spend hers, let it be what it wou'd: so 'tis all one: then because she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a Man of one and twenty, and one of forty.

Hor. Nine - to my knowledge; but if she be silly, she'll expect as much from a Man of forty nine, as from him of one and twenty: But methinks wit is more necessary than beauty, and I think no young Woman ugly that has it, and no handsome Woman agreeable without it.

Pin. 'Tis my maxim, he's a Fool that marries, but he's a greater that does not marry a Fool; what is wit in a Wife good for, but to make a Man a Cuckold.

Hor. Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

Pin. A Fool cannot contrive to make her Husband a Cuckold.

Hor. No, but she'll club with a Man that can; and what is worse, if she cannot make her Husband a Cuckold, she'll make him jealous, and pass for one, and then 'tis all one.

Pin. Well, well, I'll take care for one, my Wife shall make me no Cuckold, though she had your help, Mr. *Horner*; I understand the Town, Sir.

Dor. His help! [*Aside.*

Har. He's come newly to Town it seems, and has not heard how things are with him. [*Aside.*

Hor. But tell me, has Marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does.

Har. 'Tis more than age can do.

Hor. No, the word is, I'll marry and live honest; but a Marriage Vow is like a penitent Gamester's Oath, and entring into Bonds, and Penalties to stint himself to such a particular small sum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager, and not being able to hold out, loses his Money again and his forfeit to boot.

Dor. Ay, ay, a Gamester will be a Gamester, whilst his Money lasts; and a Whoremaster, whilst his vigour.

Har. Nay, I have known 'em, when they are broke and can lose no more, keep a fumbling with the Box in their hands to fool with only, and hinder other Gamesters.

Dor. That had wherewithal to make lusty stakes.

Pin. Well, Gentlemen, you may laugh at me, but you shall never lie with my Wife, I know the Town.

Hor. But

Hor. But prithee, was not the way you were in better, is not keeping better than Marriage?

Pin. A Pox on't, the Jades wou'd Jilt me, I cou'd never keep a Whore to my self.

Hor. So then you only marry'd to keep a Whore to your self; well, but let me tell you, Women, as you say, are like Soldiers, made constant and loyal by good pay, rather than by Oaths and Covenants, therefore I'd advise my Friends to keep rather than marry; since too I find by your example, it does not serve ones turn, for I saw you yesterday in the eighteen penny place with a pretty Country-wench.

Pin. How the Devil, did he see my Wife then? I sate there that she might not be seen; but she shall never go to a Play agen. (*Aside.*

Hor. What dost thou blush at nine and forty, for having been seen with a Wench?

Dor. No, faith, I warrant 'twas his Wife, which he seated there out of sight, for he's a cunning Rogue and understands the Town.

Har. He blushes, then 'twas his Wife; for Men are now more ashamed to be seen with them in publick, than with a Wench.

Pin. Hell and Damnation, I'm undone, since *Horner* has seen her, and they know 'twas she. (*Aside.*

Hor. But prithee, was it thy Wife? she was exceedingly pretty; I was in love with her at that distance.

Pin. You are like never to be nearer to her. Your Servant Gentlemen. (*Offers to go.*

Hor. Nay, prithee stay.

Pin. I cannot, I will not.

Hor. Come, you shall dine with us.

Pin. I have din'd already.

Hor. Come, I know thou hast not; I'll treat thee dear Rogue, thou shalt spend none of thy *Hampshire* Money to day.

Pin. Treat me; so he uses me already like his Cuckold. (*Aside.*

Hor. Nay, you shall not go.

Pin. I must, I have business at home. (*Exit.* Pinchwife.

Har. To beat his Wife, he's as jealous of her, as a *Cheapside* Husband of a *Covent-garden* Wife.

Hor. Why, 'tis as hard to find an old Whoremaster without Jealousie and the Gout, as a young one without Fear or the Pox.

As Gout in Age, from Pox in Youth proceeds;
So Wenching past, then Jealousie succeeds:
The worst Disease that Love and Wenching breeds:

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife, *and* Alither: *Mr.* Pinchwife *peeping behind at the door.*

Mrs. Pin. PRay, Sister, where are the best Fields and Woods, to walk in, in *London*?

Alith. A pretty Question; why Sister! *Mulberry Garden*, and St. *James's Park*; and for close walks the *New-Exchange*.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, Sister, tell me why my Husband looks so grum here in Town? and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best Gown yesterday?

Alith. O he's jealous, Sister.

Mrs. Pin. Jealous, what's that?

Alith. He's afraid you shou'd love another Man.

Mrs. Pin. How shou'd he be afraid of my loving another Man, when he will not let me see any but himself.

Alith. Did he not carry you yesterday to a Play?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but we sat amongst ugly people; he wou'd not let me come near the Gentry, who sate under us, so that I cou'd not see 'em. He told me none but naughty Women sate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd; but I wou'd have ventur'd for all that.

Alith. But how did you like the Play?

Mrs. Pin. Indeed I was weary of the Play, but I lik'd hugeously the Actors; they are the goodliest, propereſt Men, Sister.

Alith. O, but you must not like the Actors, Sister.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, how shou'd I help it, Sister? Pray, Sister, when my Husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

Alith. A walking, ha, ha; Lord, a Country Gentlewomans pleasure is the drudgery of a Foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her Husband's Horses. [*Aside.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife *to them.*

But here comes your Husband; I'll ask, though I'm sure he'll not grant it.

Mrs. Pin. He says he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the Pox.

Alith. Fie, the small Pox you shou'd say.

Mrs. Pin. Oh my dear, dear Bud, welcome home; why dost thou look so fropish, who has nanger'd thee?

Mr. Pin. Y'are a Fool. (*Mrs* Pinch. *goes aside, and cries.*

Alith. Faith so she is, for crying for no Fault, poor tender Creature!

Mr. Pin. What, you wou'd have her as Impudent as your self, as errant a Jilflirt, a Gadder, a Magpy; and to say all, a meer notorious Town-Woman?

Alith. Brother, you are my only Censurer; and the honour of your Family shall sooner suffer in your Wife there, than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the Town.

Mr. Pin. Hark you Mistress, do not talk so before my Wife, the Innocent liberty of the Town!

Alith. Why, pray, who boasts of any Intrigue with me? what Lampoon has made my name notorious? what ill Women frequent my Lodgings? I keep no company with any Women of scandalous Reputations.

Mr. Pin. No, you keep the the Men of scandalous Reputations Company.

Alith. Where? wou'd you not have me civil? answer 'em in a Box at the Plays? in the drawing Room at *Whitehall*? in St. *James's* Park? *Mulberry-garden*? or——

Mr. Pin. Hold, hold, do not teach my Wife, where the Men are to be found? I believe she's the worse for your Town-documents already? I bid you keep her in ignorance as I do.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed be not angry with her, Bud, she will tell me nothing of the Town, though I ask her a thousand times a day.

Mr. Pin. Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pin. Not I, indeed, Dear, I hate *London*; our Place-house in the Country is worth a thousand of't, wou'd I were there again.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. So you ſhall I warrant; but were you not talking of Plays, and Players, when I came in? you are her encourager in ſuch diſcourſes.

Mrs. Pin. No, indeed, Dear, ſhe chid me juſt now for liking the Player Men.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if ſhe be ſo innocent as to own to me her liking them, there is no hurt in't——. (*Aſide.*

Come my poor Rogue, but thou lik'ſt none better than me?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I do, the Player-men are finer Folks.

Mr. Pin. But you love none better than me?

Mrs. Pin. You are my own dear Bud, and I know you, I hate a ſtranger.

Mr. Pin. Ay, my Dear, you muſt love me only, and not be like the naughty Town Women, who only hate their Husbands, and love every man elſe, love Plays, Viſits, fine Coaches, fine Cloaths, Fiddles, Balls, Treats, and ſo lead a wicked Town-life.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, if to enjoy all theſe things be a Town-life, *London* is not ſo bad a place, Dear.

Mr. Pin. How! if you love me, you muſt hate *London*.

Alith. The Fool has forbid me diſcouvering to her the pleaſures of the Town, and he is now ſetting her agog upon them himſelf.

Mrs. Pin. But, Husband, do the Town-Women love the Player-men too?

Mr. Pin. Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, I warrant you.

Mr. Pin. Why, you do not, I hope.

Mrs. Pin. No, no, Bud; but why have we no Player-men in the Country?

Mr. Pin. Ha -- Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a Play.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why, Love? I did not care for going; but when you forbid me, you make as 'twere deſire it.

Alith. So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. (*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray let me go to a Play, Dear.

Mr. Pin. Hold your peace, I wo'not.

Mrs. Pin. Why, Love.

Mr. Pin. Why, I'll tell you.

Alith. Nay, if he tell her, ſhe'll give him more cauſe to forbid her that place [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Pray, why, Dear?

Mr. Pin. Firſt, you like the Actors, and the Gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pin. What, a homely Country Girl? no Bud, no body will like me.

Mr. Pin. I tell you, yes, they may.

Mr. Pin. No, no, you jeſt——I won't believe you, I will go.

Mr. Pin. I tell you then, that one of the Lewdeſt Fellows in Town, who ſaw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed! who, who, pray who was't?

Mr. Pin. I've gone too far, and ſlipt before I was aware; how overjoy'd ſhe is! (*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Was it any *Hampſhire* Gallant, any of our Neighbours? I promiſe you, I am beholding to him.

Mrs. Pin. I promiſe you, you lie; for he wou'd but ruin you, as he has done hundreds: he has no other love for Women, but that, ſuch as he, look upon Women like Baſilisks, but to deſtroy 'em.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but if he loves me, why ſhou'd he ruin me? anſwer me to that: methinks he ſhou'd not, I wou'd do him no harm.

Alith. Ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either.

Enter Sparkish *and* Harcourt.

But here comes Company, get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pin. But pray Husband, is he a pretty Gentleman, that loves me!

Mr. Pin. In Baggage, in. (*Thrusts her in, shuts the door*

What, all the Lewd Libertines of the Town brought to my Lodging, by this easie Coxcomb! S'death I'll not suffer it.

Spar. Here *Harcourt*, do you approve my Choice? Dear, little Rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my Friends, the wits and— (Harcourt *salutes her.*

Mr. Pin. Ay, they shall know her, as well as you your self will, I warrant you.

Spar. This is one of those, my pretty Rogue, that are to dance at your Wedding to morrow; and him you must bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

Mr. Pin. Monsterous! ——— (*Aside.*

Spar. Harcourt how dost thou like her, faith? Nay, Dear, do not look down; I should Hate to have a Wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Mr. Pin. Wonderfull!

Spar. Tell me, I say, *Harcourt*, how dost thou like her? thou hast star'd upon her enough, to resolve me.

Har. So infinely well, that I cou'd wish I had a Mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her Love and Engagement to you.

Alith. Sir, Master *Sparkish* has often told me, that his Acquaintance were all Wits and Raillieurs, and now I find it.

Spar. No, by the Universe, Madam, he does not railly now; you may believe him: I do assure you, he is the honestest worthiest, true-hearted Gentleman——A Man of such perfect honour, he wou'd say nothing to a Lady, he does not mean.

Mr. Pin. Praising another Man to his Mistress!

Har. Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that ———

Spar. Nay, I gad, I am sure you do admire her extremely, I see't in your Eyes——He does admire you, Madam.—By the World don't you?

Har. Yes, above the World or, the most Glorious part of it, her whole Sex; and till now I never thought I shou'd have envied you, or any Man about to marry, but you have the best excuse for Marriage I ever knew.

Alith. Nay, now, Sir, I'm satisfy'd you are of the Society of the Wits, and Raillieurs, since you cannot spare your Friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an Enemy to Marriage, for that I hear you hate as much as business or bad Wine.

Har. Truly, Madam, I was never an Enemy to Marriage, till now, because Marriage was never an Enemy to me before.

Alith. But, why, Sir, is Marriage an Enemy to you now? Because it robs you of your Friend here; for you look upon a Friend married as one gone into a Monastery, that is dead to the World.

Har. 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see Madam, you can guess my meaning I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the Match, by Heavens I wou'd.

Spar. Poor *Frank!*

Alith. Wou'd you be so unkind to me?

Har. No,

Har. No, no, 'tis not becauſe I wou'd be unkind to you.

Spar. Poor *Frank*, no gad, 'tis only his kindneſs to me.

Pin. Great kindneſs to you indeed; inſenſible Fop, let a Man make love to his Wife to his Face! [*Aſide.*

Spar. Come dear *Frank*, for all my Wife there, that ſhall be, thou ſhalt enjoy me ſome times dear Rogue: by my honour, we Men of wit condole for our deceaſed Brother in Marriage, as much as for one dead in earneſt: I think that was prettily ſaid of me, ha, *Harcourt*? ——— But come *Frank*, be not melancholy for me.

Har. No I aſſure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Spar. Prithee, *Frank*, doſt think my Wife that ſhall be there a fine Perſon?

Har. I cou'd gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

Spar. How, as I am! how!

Har. Becauſe you are a Lover, and true Lovers are blind, ſtock blind.

Spar. True, true; but by the World ſhe has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and try if ſhe has wit, talk to her any thing, ſhe's baſhfull before me.

Har. Indeed if a Woman wants wit in a corner, she has it no where.

Alith. Sir, you diſpoſe of me a little before your time.—— [*Aſide to* Sparkish.

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam let me have an earneſt of your obedience, or———go, go, Madam——— [Harcourt *courts* Alithea *aſide.*

Pin. How, Sir, if you are not concerned for the honour of a VVife, I am for that of a Siſter; he ſhall not Debauch her: be a Pander to your own VVife, bring men to her, let 'em make love before your face, thruſt 'em into a corner together, then leave 'em in private! is this your Town wit and conduct?

Spar. Hah, ha, ha, a ſilly wiſe Rogue, wou'd make one laugh more than a ſtark Fool, ha, ha; I ſhall burſt. Nay you ſhall not diſturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the VVorld.

[*Struggles with* Pinch. *to keep him from* Harcourt *and* Alith.

Alith. The writings are drawn, Sir, Settlements made; 'tis too late, Sir, and paſt all revocation.

Har. Then ſo is my death.

Alith. I wou'd not be unjuſt to him.

Har. Then why to me ſo?

Alith. I have no obligation to you.

Har. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Har. You never had it; he wants you ſee jealouſie, the only infallible ſign of it.

Alith. Love proceeds from eſteem; he cannot diſtruſt my virtue, beſides he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me.

Har. Marrying you, is no more ſign of his love, than bribing your VVoman, that he may marry you, is a ſign of his generoſity: Marriage is rather a ſign of intereſt, than love; and he that marries a Fortune, covets a Miſtreſs, not loves her: But if you take Marriage for a ſign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alith. No, now you have put a ſcruple in my head; but in short, Sir, to end our diſpute, I muſt marry him, my Reputation would ſuffer in the VVorld elſe.

Har. No; if you do marry him, with your Pardon, Madam, your Reputation ſuffers in the VVorld, and you wou'd be thought in neceſſity for a Cloak.

Alith. Nay,

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, Sir.——Mr. *Sparkiſh*, pray come hither, your Friend here is very troubleſom, and very loving.

Har. Hold, hold, ——— [*Aſide to* Alithea.

Mr. Pin. D'ye hear that?

Spar. Why, d'ye think I'll ſeem to be jealous, like a Country Bumpkin?

Mr. Pin. No, rather be a Cucko'd, like a credulous Cit.

Har. Madam, you wou'd not have been ſo little generous as to have told him.

Alith. Yes, ſince you cou'd be ſo little generous, as to wrong him.

Har. Wrong him, no man can do't, he's beneath an Injury; a Bubble, a Coward, a ſenſleſs Ideot, a Wretch ſo contemptible to all the World but you, that ———

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him, for ſince he is like to be my Husband, I am reſolv'd to like him: Nay, I think I am obliged to tell him, you are not his Friend—Maſter *Sparkiſh*, Maſter *Sparkiſh*.

Spar. What, what; now dear Rogue has not ſhe wit?

Har. Not ſo much as I thought, and hoped ſhe had. (*Speaks ſurlily.*

Alith. Mr. *Sparkiſh*, do you bring people to rail at you?

Har. Madam ———

Spar. How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jeſt, I warrant; what we Wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He ſpoke ſo ſcurrilouſly of you, I had no patience to hear him; beſides, he has been making love to me.

Har. True, damn'd tell-tale-Woman. (*Aſide.*

Spar. Pſhaw, to ſhew his parts--we Wits rail and make love often, but to ſhew our parts; as we have no affections, ſo we have no malice, we——

Alith. He ſaid you were a Wretch below an injury.

Spar. Pſhaw.

Har. Damn'd, ſenſleſs, impudent, virtuous Jade, well ſince ſhe won't let me have her, ſhe'll do as good, ſhe'll make me hate her.

Alith. A common Bubble.

Spar. Pſhaw.

Alith. A Coward.

Spar. Pſhaw, Pſhaw.

Alith. A ſenſleſs driveling Ideot.

Spark. How, did he diſparage my parts? Nay, then my honour's concern'd, I can't put up that, Sir; by the World, Brother, help me to kill him; (I may draw now, ſince we have the odds of him:——'tis a good occaſion too before my Miſtriſs)— *Aſide.*

(*Offers to draw.*

Alith. Hold, hold.

Spar. What, what.

Alith. I muſt not let 'em kill the Gentleman neither, for his kindneſs to me; I am ſo far from hating him, that I wiſh my Gallant had his perſon and underſtanding——

(Nay if my honour—— [*Aſide.*

Spar. I'll be thy death.

Alith. Hold, hold, indeed to tell the truth, the Gentleman ſaid after all, that what he ſpoke, was but out of Friendſhip to you.

Spar. How! ſay, I am, I am a Fool, that is no whit out of Friendſhip to me.

Alith. Yes,

Alith. Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you, and make love to me only to be ſatisfied of my virtue, for your ſake.

Har. Kind however—— (*Aſide.*

Spar. Nay, if it were ſo, my dear Rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why wou'd not you tell me ſo, faith?

Har. Becauſe I did not think on't, faith.

Spar. Come, *Horner* does not come, *Harcourt* let's be gone to the new Play.—Come, Madam.

Alith. I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the Box, and run into the Pit, as you uſe to do.

Spar. Pſhaw, I'll leave *Harcourt* with you in the Box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I ſate in the Box, I ſhou'd be thought no Judge, but of Trimmings. —— Come away *Harcourt*, lead her down. (*Exeunt* Sparkiſh, Harcourt, *and* Alithea.

Pin. Well, go thy ways, for the flower of the true Town Fops, ſuch as ſpend their Eſtates, before they come to 'em, and are Cuckolds before they're married. But let me go look to my own Free-hold —— How ——

Enter my Lady Fidget, *Miſtreſs* Dainty Fidget, *and Miſtriſs* Squeamiſh.

La. Fid. Your Servant, Sir, where is your Lady? we are come to wait upon her to the new Play.

Pin. New-Play!

La. Fid. And my Husband will wait upon you preſently.

Pin. Damn your civility—— (*Aſide.* Madam, by no means, I will not ſee Sir *Jaſper* here, till I have waited upon him at home; nor ſhall my Wife ſee you, till ſhe has waited upon your Ladyſhip at your Lodgings.

La. Fid. Now we are here, Sir——

Pin. No, Madam.

Dain. Pray, let us ſee her.

Squeam. We will not ſtir, till we ſee her.

Pin. A Pox on you all—— (*Aſide.*) (*Goes to the door, and returns.* ſhe has lock'd the door, and is gone abroad.

La. Fid. No, you have lock'd the door, and ſhe's within.

Dain. They told us below, ſhe was here.

Pin. (Will nothing do?)——Well it muſt out then, to tell you the truth, Ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, leſt it might endanger your lives, my Wife has juſt now the ſmall Pox come out upon her, do not be frighten'd; but pray, be gone Ladies, you ſhall not ſtay here in danger of your Lives; pray get you gone Ladies.

La. Fid. No, no, we have all had 'em.

Squeam. Alack, alack!

Dain. Come, come, we muſt ſee how it goes with her, I underſtand the Diſeaſe.

La. Fid. Come.

Pin. Well, there is no being too hard for Women at their own weapon, Lying, therefore I'll quit the Field. (*Aſide.*) (*Exit.* Pinchwife.

Squeam. Here's an example of jealouſie.

La. Fid. Indeed as the World goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, ſince Wives are ſo neglected.

Dain. Pſhaw, as the World goes, to what end ſhou'd they be jealous?

La. Fid. Foh, 'tis a naſty World.

Squeam.

Squeam. That Men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality, shou'd take up with, and spend themselves and fortunes, in keeping little Play-house Creatures, foh.

La. Fid. Nay, that VVomen of understanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, shou'd fall a keeping too of little Creatures, foh.

Squeam. VVhy, 'tis the men of qualities fault, they never visit woman of honour, and reputation, as they us'd to do; and have not so much as common civility, for Ladies of our rank, but use us with the same indifferency, and ill breeding, as if we were all marry'd to 'em.

La. Fid. She says true, 'tis an errant shame Women of Quality shou'd be so slighted; methinks, birth, birth, shou'd go for something; I have known men admired, courted, and follow'd for their Titles only.

Squeam. Ay, one wou'd think Men of honour shou'd not love no more, than marry out of their own rank.

Dain. Fye, fye upon 'em, they are come to think cross breeding for themselves best as well as for their Dogs, and Horses.

La. Fid. They are Dogs and Horses for't.

Squeam. One wou'd think, if not for love for vanity a little.

Dain. Nay, they do satisfie their vanity upon us sometimes; and are kind to us in their report, tell all the World they lie with us.

La. Fid. Damn'd Rascals, that we shou'd be only wrong'd by 'em; to report a Man has had a Person, when he has not had a Person, is the greatest wrong in the whole World, that can be done to a Person.

Squeam. Well, 'tis an errant shame, Noble Persons should be so wrong'd, and neglected.

La. Fid. But still 'tis an erranter shame for a Noble Person, to neglect her own honour and defame her own Noble Person, with little inconsiderable Fellows, foh! —

Dain. I suppose the Crime against our honour, is the same with a Man of quality, as with another.

La. Fid. How! no sure, the Man of quality is likest one's Husband, and therefore the fault shou'd be the less.

Dain. But then the pleasure shou'd be the less.

La. Fid. Fye, fye, fye, for shame Sister, whither shall we ramble? be continent in your discourse, or I shall hate you.

Dain. Besides an Intrigue is so much the more notorious for the Man's quality.

Squeam. 'Tis true, no body takes notice of a private man, and therefore with him, 'tis more secret, and the crimes the less when 'tis not known.

La. Fid. You say true; y' faith, I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an Injury to a Husband, till it be an injury to our honour; so that a Woman of honour loses no honour with a private person; and to say truth ——

Dain. So the little Fellow is grown a private Person—with her— [*Apart to* Squeam.

La. Fid. But still my dear, dear honour.

Enter Sir Jasper, Horner, Dorilant.

Sir Jas. Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou hast still so much honour in thy mouth—

Hor. That she has none elsewhere —— [*Aside.*

La. Fid. Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in these upon us?

Dain. Foh, these are as bad as Wits.

Squeam. Foh!

La. Fid.

La. Fid. Let us leave the Room,

Sr. Jaſ. Stay, ſtay, faith to tell you the naked truth.

La. Fid. Fye, Sir *Jaſper*, do not uſe the word naked.

Sr. Jaſ. Well, well, in ſhort I have buſineſs at *Whitehall*, and cannot go to the Play with you, therefore wou'd have you go ———

La. Fid. With thoſe two to a Play?

Sr. Jaſ. No, not with t'other, but with Mr. *Horner*, there can be no more ſcandal to go with him, than with Mr. *Tattle*. or Maſter *Limberham*.

La. Fid. With that naſty Fellow! no ——— no.

Sr. Jaſ. Nay, prethee dear, here me. [*Whiſpers to Lady* Fid.

Hor. Ladies. [Horner, Dorilant *drawing near* Squeamiſh *and* Daint.

Dain. Stand off.

Squeam. Do not approach us.

Daint. You heard with the wits, you are obſcenity all over.

Squeam. And I wou'd as ſoon look upon a Picture of *Adam* and *Eve*, without fig-leaves as any of you, if I cou'd help it, therefore keep off, and do not make us ſick.

Dor. What a Devil are theſe?

Hor. Why theſe are pretenders to honour, as Criticks to Wit, only by cenſuring others; and as every raw, peeviſh, out-of-humour'd, affected, dull, Tea-drinking, Arithmetical Fop ſets up for a Wit, by railing at Men of ſenſe, ſo theſe for honour, by railing at the Court, and Ladies of as great honour, as quality.

Sr. Jaſ. Come, Mr. *Horner*, I muſt deſire you to go with theſe Ladies to the Play, Sir.

Hor. I Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, ay, come, Sir.

Hor. I muſt beg your pardon, Sir, and theirs, I will not be ſeen in Womens Company in publick again for the World.

Sr. Jaſ. Ha, ha, ſtrange Averſion!

Squeam. No, he's for Women's Company in private.

Sr. Jaſ. He ——— poor Man ——— he! hah, ha, ha.

Dain. 'Tis a greater ſhame amongſt lewd Fellows to be ſeen in virtuous Women's Company, than for the Women to be ſeen with them.

Hor. Indeed, Madam, the time was I only hated virtuous Women, but now I hate the other too; I beg your pardon Ladies.

La. Eid. You are very obliging, Sir, becauſe we wou'd not be troubled with you.

Sr. Jaſ. In ſober ſadneſs he ſhall go.

Dor. Nay, if he wo'not, I am ready to wait upon the Ladies; and I think I am the fitter Man.

Sr. Jaſ. You, Sir, no I thank you for that—Maſter *Horner* is a Privileg'd Man amongſt the virtuous Ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are ſo; heh, he, he, he's my Wive's Gallant, heh, he, he; no pray withdraw, Sir, for as I take it, the virtuous Ladies, have no buſineſs with you.

Dor. And I am ſure he can have none with them; 'tis ſtrange a Man can't come amongſt virtuous Women now, but upon the ſame terms, as Men are admitted into the great *Turk*'s Seraglio; but Heavens keep me, from being an hombre Player with 'em; but where is *Pinchwife* ——— [*Exit.* Dorilant

Sr. Jaſ. Come, come, Man, what avoid the ſweet ſociety of Woman-kind? that ſweet, ſoft, gentle, tame, noble Creature Woman, made for Man's Companion ——

Hor. So is that ſoft, gentle, tame and more noble Creature a Spaniel, and has all their tricks, can fawn, lie down, ſuffer beating, and fawn the more; barks at your Friends, when they come to ſee you; makes your Bed hard, gives you Fleas, and the mange ſometimes: and all the difference is, the Spaniel's the more faithful Animal, and fawns but upon one Maſter.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, he, he.

Squeam. O the rude Beaſt.

Dain. Inſolent Brute.

La. Fid. Brute! ſtinking mortify'd rotten French Weather, to dare ——

Sr. Jaſ. Hold, an't pleaſe your Ladyſhip; for ſhame, Maſter *Horner*, your Mother was a Woman —(Now ſhall I never reconcile 'em) (*Aſide.*) Hark you, Madam, take my advice in your anger; you know, you often want one to make up your droling pack of hombre Players; and you may cheat him eaſily, for he's an ill Gameſter, and conſequently loves play; Beſides you know, you have but two old civil Gentlemen (with ſtinking breaths too) to wait upon you abroad, take in the third, into your ſervice; the other are but crazy; and a Lady ſhou'd have a ſupernumerary Gentleman Uſher, as a ſupernumerary Coach-horſe, leſt ſometimes you ſhou'd be forc'd to ſtay at home.

La. Fid. But are you ſure he loves play, and has money?

Sr. Jaſ. He loves play as much as you, and has money as much as I.

La. Fid. Then I am contented to make him pay for his ſcurrility, money makes up in a meaſure all other wants in Men ——Thoſe whom we cannot make hold for Gallants, we make fine. [*Aſide.*

Sr. Jaſ. So, ſo; now to mollifie, to wheedle him, —— [*Aſide.*

Maſter *Horner* will you never keep civil Company, methinks 'tis time now, ſince you are only fit for them: Come, come, Man you muſt e'en fall to viſiting our Wives, eating at our Tables, drinking Tea with our virtuous Relations after dinner, dealing Cards to 'em, reading Plays, and Gazetts to 'em, picking Fleas out of their Shocks for 'em, collecting Receipts, New Songs, Women, Pages, and Footmen for 'em.

Hor. I hope they'll afford me better Employment, Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, he, he, 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place; and ſince you are unprovided of a Lady to flatter, and a good houſe to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my Wife Miſtreſs, and ſhe ſhall call you Gallant, according to the cuſtom.

Hor. Who I? ——

Sr. Jaſ. Faith, thou ſha't for my ſake, come for my ſake only.

Hor. For your ſake——

Sr. Jaſ. Come, come, here's a Gameſter for you, let him be a little familiar ſometimes; nay, what if a little rude; Gameſters may be rude with Ladies, you know.

La. Fid. Yes, loſing Gameſters have a priviledge with Women.

Hor. I always thought the contrary, that the winning Gameſter had moſt priviledge with Women; for when you have loſt your money to a Man, you'll loſe any thing you have, all you have, they ſay, and he may uſe you as he pleaſes.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, he, he, well, win or loſe, you ſhall have your liberty with her.

La. Fid. As he behaves himſelf; and for your ſake, I'll give him admittance and freedom.

Hor. All

Hor. All ſorts of freedom, Madam?

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, ay, ay, all ſorts of freedom thou canſt take, and ſo go to her, begin thy new imployment; wheedle her, jeſt with her, and be better acquainted one with another.

Hor. I think I know her already, therefore may venture with her, my ſecret for hers ——— [*Aſide.*

[Horner, *and Lady* Fidget *whiſper.*

Sr. Jaſ. Siſter *Cuz*, I have provided an innocent Play-fellow for you there.

Dain. Who, he!

Squeam. There's a Play-fellow indeed.

Sr. Jaſ. Yes ſure, what, he is good enough to play at Cards, Blindman's-buff, or the fool with ſometimes.

Squeam. Foh, we'll have no ſuch play-fellows.

Dain. No, Sir, you ſhan't chuſe play-fellows for us, we thank you.

Sr. Jaſ. Nay, pray hear me. [*Whiſpering to them.*

La. Fid. But, poor Gentleman, cou'd you be ſo generous? ſo truly a man of honour, as for the ſakes of us Women of honour, to cauſe your ſelf to be reported no Man? No Man! and to ſuffer your ſelf the greateſt ſhame that cou'd fall upon a Man, that none might fall upon us Women by your converſation; but indeed, Sir, as perfectly, perfectly, the ſame Man as before your going into *France*, Sir; as perfectly, perfectly, Sir.

Hor. As perfectly, perfectly, Madam; nay, I ſcorn you ſhou'd take my word; I deſire to be tri'd only, Madam.

La. Fid. Well, that's ſpoken again like a Man of honour, all Men of honour deſire to come to the teſt: But indeed, generally you Men report ſuch things of your ſelves, one does not know how, or whom to believe; and it is come to that paſs, we dare not take your words no more than your Taylors, without ſome ſtaid Servant of yours be bound with you; but I have ſo ſtrong a faith in your honour, dear, dear, noble Sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear Sir.

Hor. No, Madam, you ſhou'd not need to forfeit it for me, I have given you ſecurity already to ſave you harmleſs, my late reputation being ſo well known in the World, Madam.

La. Fid. But if upon any future falling out, or upon a ſuſpicion of my taking the truſt out of your hands, to employ ſome other, you your ſelf ſhou'd betray your truſt, dear Sir; I mean, if you'll give me leave to ſpeak obſcenely, you might tell, dear Sir.

Hor. If I did, no body wou'd believe me; the reputation of impotency is as hardly recovered again in the World, as that of cowardiſe, dear Madam.

La. Fid. Nay-then, as one may ſay, you may do your worſt, dear, dear, Sir.

Sr. Jaſ. Come, is your Ladyſhip reconciled to him yet? have you agreed on matters? for I muſt be gone to *Whitehall*.

La. Fid. Why indeed, Sir *Jaſper*, Maſter *Horner* is a thouſand, thouſand times a better Man, than I thought him: Cozen *Squeamiſh*, Siſter *Dainty*, I can name him now, truly, not long ago you know, I thought his very name obſcenity, and I wou'd as ſoon have lain with him, as have nam'd him.

Sr. Jaſ. Very likely, poor Madam.

Dain. I believe it.

Squeam. No doubt on't

Sr. Jasp. Well, well—— that your Ladyship is as virtuous as any she,—— I know, and him all the Town knows——— heh, he, he; therefore now you like him, get you gone to your business together; go, go, to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.

La. Fid. Come then dear Gallant.

Hor. Come away, my dearest Mistress.

Sr. Jas. So, so, why, 'tis as I'd have it. [*Exit Sir* Jasper.

Hor. And as I'd have it.

La. Fid. Who for his business, from his Wife will run;
Takes the best care, to have her business done. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE. I.

Alithea *and Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Alith. Sister, what ailes you, you are grown melancholy?

Mrs. Pin. Wou'd it not make any one melancholy, to see you go every day fluttering about abroad, whilst I must stay at home like a poor lonely, sullen Bird in a Cage?

Alith. Ay, Sister, but you came young, and just from the nest to your cage, so that I thought you lik'd it; and cou'd be as cheerfull in't, as others that took their flight themselves early, and are hopping abroad in the open Air.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I confess I was quiet enough, till my Husband told me, what pure lives the *London* Ladies live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junketings, and dress't every day in their best Gowns; and I warrant you, play at Nine-Pins every day of the week, so they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the Town pleasures in her head and setting her a longing.

Alith. Yes, after Nine pins; you suffer none to give her those longings, you mean, but your self.

Mr. Pin. I tell her of the vanities of the Town, like a Confessor.

Alith. A Confessor! just such a Confessor, as he that by forbidding a silly Ostler, to grease the Horse's teeth, taught him to do't.

Mr. Pin. Come Mistress *Flippant*, good Precepts are lost, when bad Examples are still before us; the liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it; and out of humour at home, poor Wretch! she desired not to come to *London*, I wou'd bring her.

Alith. Very well.

Mr. Pin. She has been this week in Town, and never desired, till this afternoon, to go abroad.

Alith. Was she not at a Play yesterday?

Mr. Pin. Yes, but she ne'er ask'd me; I was my self the cause of her going.

Alith. Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my example.

Mr. Pin. Well, to morrow night I shall be rid of you; and he next day before 'tis light, she and I'll be rid of the Town, and my dreadful apprehensions:

Come,

Come, be not melancholy, for thou ſhalt go into the Country after to morrow Deareſt.

Alith. Great comfort.

Mrs. Pin. Piſh, what d'ye tell me of the Country for?

Mrs. Pin. How's this! what, piſh at the Country?

Mrs. Pin. Let me alone, I am not well.

Mr. Pin. O, if that be all——what ailes my deareſt?

Mrs. Pin. Truely, I don't know; but I have not been well, ſince you told me there was a Gallant at the Play in Love with me.

Mr. Pin. Ha——

Alith. That's by my example too.

Mr. Pin. Nay, if you are not well, but are ſo concern'd, becauſe a lewd Fellow chanc'd to lye, and ſay he lik'd you, you'll make me ſick too.

Mrs. Pin. Of what ſickneſs?

Mr. Pin. O, of that which is worſe than the Plague, Jealouſie.

Mrs. Pin. Piſh, you jear, I'm ſure there's no ſuch diſeaſe in our Receipt-book at home.

Mr. Pin. No, thou never met'ſt with it, poor innocent——well, if thou Cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault—for Cuckolds and Baſtards, are generally makers of their own fortune. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Well, but pray Bud, let's go to a Play to night.

Mr. Pin. 'Tis juſt done, ſhe comes from it; but why are you ſo eager to ſee a Play?

Mrs. Pin. Faith, Dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the Player-men, and wou'd ſee, if I cou'd, the Gallant you ſay loves me; that's all dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Is that all dear Bud?

Alith. This proceeds from my Example.

Mrs. Pin. But if the Play be done, let's go abroad however, dear Bud.

Mr. Pin. Come, have a little patience, and thou ſhalt go into the Country on Friday.

Mrs. Pin. Therefore I wou'd ſee firſt ſome ſights, to tell my Neighbours of: Nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Alith. I'm the cauſe of this deſire too.

Mr. Pin. But now I think on't, who, who was the cauſe of *Horner*'s coming to my Lodging to day? that was you.

Alith. No, you, becauſe you wou'd not let him ſee your handſome VVife out of your Lodging.

Mrs. Pin. VVhy, O Lord! did the Gentleman come hither to ſee me indeed?

Mr. Pin. No, no,——You are not the cauſe of that damn'd queſtion too Miſtriſs *Alithea*?—— [Well ſhe's in the right of it; he is in love with my Wife———and comes after her —'tis ſo—but I'll nip his love in the bud; leſt he ſhould follow us into the Country, and break his Chariot-wheel near our houſe, on purpoſe for an excuſe to come to't; but I think I know the Town. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

Mr. Pin. So! the obſtinacy already of the Town-wife, and I muſt, whilſt ſhe's here, humour her like one. [*Aſide.*

Siſter, how ſhall we do, that ſhe may not be ſeen, or known?

Alith. Let

Alith. Let her put on her Mask.

Mr. Pin. Pshaw, a Mask makes people but the more inquisitive, and is as ridiculous a disguise as a stage-beard; her shape, stature, habit will be known; and if we shou'd meet with *Horner*, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, must wish her joy, kiss her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the Devil and all; no, I'll not use her to a Mask, 'tis dangerous; for Masks have made more Cuckolds, than the best faces that ever were known.

Alith. How will you do then?

Mrs. Pin. Nay, shall we go? the *Exchange* will be shut, and I have a mind to see that.

Mr. Pin. So——I have it——I'll dress her up in the Suit, we are to carry down to her Brother, little Sir *James*; nay, I understand the Town tricks: Come, let's go dress her; a Mask! no——a Woman mask'd, like a cover'd Dish, gives a Man curiosity, and appetite, when, it may be, uncovered, 'twou'd turn his stomach; no, no.

Alith. Indeed your comparison is something a greasie one: but I had a gentle Gallant, us'd to say, a Beauty mask'd, like the Sun in Eclipse, gathers together more gazers than if it shin'd out. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the New Exchange: *Enter* Hooner, Harcourt, Dorilant.

Dor. Engag'd to Women, and not Sup with us?

Hor. Ay, a Pox on 'em all.

Har. You were much more a reasonable Man in the morning, and had as noble resolutions against 'em, as a Widower of a weeks liberty.

Dor. Did I ever think, to see you keep company with Women in vain?

Hor. In vain! no——'tis, since I can't love 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

Har. Now your Sting is gone, you look'd in the Box amongst all those Women, like a drone in the Hive, all upon you; shov'd and ill us'd by 'em all, and thrust from one side to t'other.

Dor. Yet he must be buzzing amongst 'em still, like other old Beetle-headed, lycorish drones; avoid 'em, and hate 'em as they hate you.

Hor. Because I do hate 'em, and wou'd hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em; you may see by Marriage, nothing makes a man hate a Woman more, than her constant conversation: In short, I converse with 'em, as you do with rich Fools, to laugh at 'em and use 'em ill.

Dor. But I wou'd no more Sup with Women, unless I cou'd lie with 'em, then Sup, with a rich Coxcomb unless I cou'd cheat him.

Hor. Yes, I have known thee Sup with a Fool, for his drinking, if he cou'd set out your hand that way only, you were satisfy'd; and if he were a Wine-swallowing mouth 'twas enough.

Har. Yes, a Man drinks often with a Fool, as he tosses with a Marker, only to keep his hand in Ure; but do the Ladies drink?

Hor. Yes, Sir, and I shall have the pleasure at least of laying 'em flat with a Bottle; and bring as much scandal that way upon 'em, as formerly t'other.

Har. Prehaps you may prove as weak a Brother amongst 'em, as formerly t'other.

Dor. Foh, drinking with Women, is as unnatural, as scolding with 'em; but 'tis a pleasure of decay'd Formicators, and the basest way of quenching Love.

Har. Nay, 'tis drowning Love, instead of quenching it; but leave us for civil Women too!

Dor. Ay,

Dor. Ay, when he can't be the better for 'em; we hardly pardon a Man, that leaves his Friend for a Wench, and that's a pretty lawful call.

Hor. Faith, I wou'd not leave you for 'em, if they wou'd not drink.

Dor. Who wou'd diſappoint his Company at *Lewis*'s, for a Goſſiping?

Har. Foh, Wine and Women good apart, together as nauſeous as Sack and Sugar: But hark you, Sir, before you go, a little of your advice, an old maim'd General, when unfit for action, is fitteſt for Counſel; I have other deſigns upon Women, than eating and drinking with them: I am in love with *Sparkish*'s Miſtriſs, whom he is to marry to morrow, now how ſhall I get her?

Enter Sparkiſh, *looking about.*

Hor. Why, here comes one will help you to her.

Har. He! he, I tell you, is my Rival, and will hinder my love.

Hor. No, a fooliſh Rival, and a jealous Husband aſſiſt their Rivals deſigns; for they are ſure to make their Women hate them, which is the firſt ſtep to their love for another Man.

Har. But I cannot come near his Miſtreſs, but in his Compan y.

Hor. Still the better for you, for Fools are moſt eaſily cheated, when they themſelves are acceſſaries; and he is to be bubbled of his Miſtreſs, as of his Money, the common Miſtreſs, by keeping him company.

Spar. Who is that, that is to be bubbled? Faith let me ſnack, I han't met with a bubble ſince Chriſtmas: 'gad, I think bubbles are like their Brother Woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

Har. A Pox, he did not hear all I hope. [*Apart to* Horner.

Spar. Come, you bubbling Rogues you, where do we Sup——— Oh, *Harcourt*, my Miſtreſs tells me, you have been making fierce love to her all the Play long, hah, ha—but I ———

Har. I make love to her?

Spar. Nay, I forgive thee; for I think, I know thee, and I know her, but I am ſure I know my ſelf.

Har. Did ſhe tell you ſo? I ſee all Women are like theſe of the *Exchange*, who, to enhance the price of their commodities, report to their fond Cuſtomers offers which were never made 'em,

Hor. Ay, Women are apt to tell before the intrigue, as Men after it, and ſo ſhew themſelves the vainer Sex; but haſt thou a Miſtreſs, *Sparkiſh*? 'tis as hard for me to believe it, as that thou ever hadſt a bubble, as you barg'd juſt now.

Spar. O, your Servant, Sir; are you at your raillery, Sir? but we are ſome of us before-hand with you to day at the Play: the Wits were ſomething bold with you, Sir; did you not hear us laugh?

Har. Yes, But I thought you had gone to Plays, to laugh at the Poets Wit, not at your own:

Spar. Your Servant, Sir, no I thank you; 'gad I go to a Play as to a Country treat, I carry my own Wine to one, and my own Wit to t'other, or elſe I'm ſure I ſhou'd not be merry at either; and the reaſon why we are ſo often lowder than the Players, is, becauſe we think we ſpeak more wit, and ſo become the Poets Rivals in his audience: for to tell you the truth, we hate the ſilly Rogues; nay, ſo much, that we find fault even with their Bawdy upon the Stage, whilſt we talk nothing elſe in the Pit as loud.

Hor.

Hor. But, why ſhould'ſt thou hate the ſilly Poets, thou haſt too much wit to be one, and they like Whores are only hated by each other; and thou duſt ſcorn writing, I'm ſure.

Spar. Yes, I'd have you to know, I ſcorn writing; but Women, Women, that make Men do all fooliſh things, make 'em write Songs too; every body does it; 'tis ev'n as common with Lovers, as playing with fans; and you can no more help Rhyming to your *Phyllis*, than drinking to your *Phyllis*.

Har. Nay Poetry in love is no more to be a voided than jealouſie.

Dor. But the Poets damn'd your Songs, did they?

Spar. Damn the Poets, they turn'd 'em into Burleſque, as they call it; that Burleſque is a *Hocus Pocus* trick, they have got, which by the virtue of *Hixius doxius, topſey turvey*, they make a wiſe and witty Man in the World, a Fool upon the Stage you know not how; and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own caſe; for they'll put a Man into a Play for looking a Squint: Their Predeceſſors were contented to make Serving-men only their Stage-Fools, but theſe Rogues muſt have Gentlemen, with a Pox to 'em, nay Knights; and indeed you ſhall hardly ſee a Fool upon the Stage, but he's a Knight; and to tell you the truth, they have kept me theſe ſix years from being a Knight in earneſt, for fear of being Knighted in a Play, and dubb'd a Fool.

Dor. Blame 'em not, they muſt follow in their Copy, the Age.

Har. But why ſhou'dſt thou be afraid of being in a Play, who expoſe your ſelf every day in the Play-houſes, and at publick Places.

Hor. 'Tis but being on the Stage, inſtead of ſtanding on a Bench in the Pit.

Dor. Don't you give Money to Painters to draw you like? and are you afraid of your Pictures, at length in a Play-houſe, where all your Miſtreſſes may ſee you.

Spar. A Pox, Painters don't draw the ſmall Pox, or Pimples in ones Face; come damn all your ſilly Authors what-ever, all Books and Bookſellers, by the World, and all Readers, courteous or uncourteous.

Har. But, who comes here, *Sparkiſh*?

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, *and his Wife in Man's Cloaths*, Alithea, Lucy *her Maid.*

Spar. Oh hide me, there's my Miſtreſs too. [Sparkiſh *hides himſelf behind* Harcourt.

Har. She ſees you.

Spar. But I will not ſee her, 'tis time to go to *Whitehall*, and I muſt not fail the drawing Room.

Har. Pray, firſt carry me, and reconcile me to her.

Spar. Another time, faith the King will have ſup't.

Har. Not with the worſe ſtomach for thy abſence; thou art one of thoſe Fools, that think their attendance at the King's Meals, as neceſſary as his phyſicians, when you are more troubleſome to him, than his Doctors, or his Dogs.

Spar. Pſhaw, I know my Intereſt, Sir, prethee hide me.

Hor. Your Servant, *Pinchwife*,——what he knows us not——— [*To his Wife aſide.*

Mr. Pin. Come along.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, have you any Ballads, give me ſix-penny worth?

Claſp. We have no Ballads.

Mrs. Pin. Then give me *Covent-Garden*-Drollery, and a Play or two—Oh here's *Tarugos* Wiles, and the Slighted Maiden, I'll have them.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. No, Plays are not for your reading; come along, will you discover your self? [*Apart to her.*

Hor. Who is that prety Youth with him, *Sparkish*?

Spar. I believe his Wives Brother, because he's something like her, but I never saw her but once.

Hor. Extremely handsom, I have seen a face like it too; let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt* Pinchwife, *Mistress* Pinchwife.
Alithea, Lucy, Horner, Dorilant *following them.*

Har. Come, *Sparkish*, your Mistress saw you, and will be angry you go not to her; besides I wou'd fain be reconciled to her, which none but you can do, dear Friend.

Spar. Well that's a better reason, dear Friend, I wou'd not go near her now, for hers, or my own sake, but I can deny you nothing; for though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee, as well as a new acquaintance.

Har. I am oblig'd to you indeed, dear Friend, I wou'd be well with her only, to be well with thee still; for these tyes to Wives usually dissolve all tyes to Friends: I wou'd be contented, she shou'd enjoy you a-nights, but I wou'd have you to my self a-days, as I have had, dear Friend.

Spar. And thou shalt enjoy me a-days, dear Friend, never stir; and I'll be divorced from her, sooner than from thee; come along ———

Har. So, we are hard put to't, when we make our Rival our Procurer; but neither she, nor her Brother, wou'd let me come near her now: when all's done, a Rival is the best cloak to steal to a Mistress under, without suspicion; and when we have once got to her as we desire, we throw him off like other Cloaks. [*Aside.*

[*Exit* Sparkish, *and* Harcourt *following him.*

Re-enter Mr. Pinchwife, *Mrs.* Pinchwife *in Man's Cloaths.*

Mr. Pin. Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you [*To* Alithea.
The Fool her Gallant, and she, will muster up all the young Santerers of this place, and they will leave their dear Semstresses to follow us; what a swarm of Cuckolds, and Cuckold-makers are here? [*Aside.*
Come, let's be gone Mistress *Margery.*

Mrs. Pin. Don't you believe that, I han't half my belly full of sights yet.

Mr. Pin. Then walk this way.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what a power of brave Signs are here? stay —— the Bull's-head, the Ram's-head, and the Stag's head, Dear ———

Mr. Pin. Nay, if every Husband's proper Sign here were visible, they wou'd be all alike.

Mrs. Pin. What d'ye mean by that, Bud?

Mr. Pin. 'Tis no matter — no matter, Bud.

Mrs. Pin. Pray tell me; nay, I will know.

Mr. Pin. They wou'd be all Bulls, Stags, and Rams-heads.

[*Exeunt Mr.* Pinchwife, *Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Re enter Sparkish, Horcourt, Alithea, Lucy, *at t'other door.*

Spar. Come, dear Madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled to him.

Alith. For your sake I hate him.

Har. That's something too cruel, Madam, to hate me, for his sake.

Spar. Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my Friend for my sake.

Alith. I hate him, becauſe he is your Enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

Spar. That's a good one, I hate a Man for loving you; if he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help, and 'tis your fault, not his, if he admires you: I hate a Man for being of my opinion, I'll ne'er do't, by the World.

Alith. Is it for your honour or mine, to ſuffer a Man to make love to me, who am to marry you to Morrow?

Spar. Is it for your honour or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a ſign you are handſome; and that I am not jealous, is a ſign you are vertuous, that I think is for your honour.

Alith. But 'tis your honour too, I am concerned for.

Har. But why, deareſt Madam, will you be more concern'd for his honour, than he is himſelf; let his honour alone for my ſake, and his, he, he, has no honour——

Spar. How's that?

Har. But what, my dear Friend can guard himſelf.

Spar. O ho——that's right again.

Har. Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear Friend here; therefore once more let his honour go which way it will, dear Madam.

Spar. Ay, ay, were it for my honour to marry a Woman, whoſe virtue I ſuſpected, and cou'd not truſt her in a Friend's hands?

Alith. Are you not afraid to loſe me?

Har. He afraid to loſe you, Madam! No, no——you may ſee how the moſt eſtimable, and moſt glorious Creature in the World, is valued by him; will you not ſee it?

Spar. Right, honeſt *Frank*, I have that noble value for her, that I cannot be jealous of her.

Alith. You miſtake him, he means you care not for me, nor who has me.

Spar. Lord, Madam, I ſee you are jealous; will you wreſt a poor man's meaning from his words?

Alith. You aſtoniſh me, Sir, with your want of jealouſie.

Spar. And you make me giddy, Madam, with your jealouſie and fears, and virtue, and honour; 'gad, I ſee virtue makes a Woman as troubleſome, as a little reading, or learning.

Alith. Monſterous!

Lucy. [Well to ſee what eaſie Husbands theſe Women of Quality can meet with, a poor Chamber-maid can never have ſuch Lady-like luck; beſides he's thrown away upon her, ſhe'll make no uſe of her fortune, her bleſſing none to a Gentleman, for a pure Cuckold, for it requires good breeding to be a Cuckold. [*Behind.*

Alith. I tell you then plainly, he purſues me to marry me.

Spar. Pſhaw——

Har. Come, Madam, you ſee you ſtrive in vain to make him jealous of me; my dear Friend is the kindeſt Creature in the World to me.

Spar. Poor fellow.

Har. But his kindneſs only is not enough for me, without your favour; your good opinion, dear Madam, 'tis that muſt perfect my happineſs, good Gentleman, he believes all I ſay; wou'd you wou'd do ſo, jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong him nor you for the World.

Spar. Look

Spar. Look you there; hear him, hear him, and do not walk away ſo.
[Alithea *walks careleſly to and fro.*

Har. I love you, Madam, ſo———

Spar. How's that! Nay———now you begin to go too far indeed.

Har. So much I confeſs, I ſay I love you, that I wou'd not have you miſerable, and caſt your ſelf away upon ſo unworthy and inconſiderable a thing, as what you ſee here.
[*Clapping his hand on his breaſt, points at* Sparkiſh.

Spar. No, faith, I believe thou wou'dſt not, now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wou'dſt not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Heavens forbid, the Glory of her Sex ſhou'd fall ſo low, as into the embraces of ſuch a contemptible Wretch, the leaſt of mankind——my dear Friend here ——I injure him
[*Embracing* Sparkiſh.

Alith. Very well.

Spar. No, no, dear Friend, I knew it: Madam, you ſee he will rather wrong himſelf than me, in giving himſelf ſuch names.

Alith. Do not you underſtand him yet?

Spar. Yes how modeſtly he ſpeaks of himſelf, poor Fellow.

Alith. Methinks he ſpeaks impudently of your ſelf, ſince——before your ſelf too; inſomuch that I can no longer ſuffer his ſcurrilous abuſiveneſs to you, no more than his love to me.
[*Offers to go.*

Spar. Nay, nay, Madam, pray ſtay, his love to you: Lord, Madam, has he not ſpoke yet plain enough?

Alith. Yes indeed, I ſhou'd think ſo.

Spar. Well then, by the World, a Man can't ſpeak civilly to a Woman now, but preſently ſhe ſays, he makes love to her: Nay, Madam, you ſhall ſtay, with your pardon, ſince you have not yet underſtood him, till he has made an eclairciſment of his love to you, that is, what kind of love it is; anſwer to thy Catechiſm: Friend, do you love my Miſtreſs here?

Har. Yes, I wiſh ſhe wou'd not doubt it.

Spar. But how do you love her?

Har. With all my Soul.

Alith. I thank him, methinks he ſpeaks plain enough now.

Spar. You are out ſtill.
[*To* Alithea.
But with what kind of love, *Harcourt*?

Har. With the beſt, and trueſt love in the World.

Spar. Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial love, I'm ſure.

Alith. How's that, do you ſay matrimonial love is not beſt?

Spar. Gad, I went too far e'er I was aware: But ſpeak for thy ſelf *Harcourt*, you ſaid you wou'd not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Madam, e'en take him for Heavens ſake.

Spar. Look you there, Madam.

Har. Who ſhou'd in all juſtice be yours, he that loves you moſt.
{*Claps his hand on his breaſt.*

Alith. Look you there, Mr. *Sparkiſh*, who's that?

Spar. Who ſhou'd it be? go on *Harcourt*.

Har. Who loves you more than Women Titles, or Fortune Fools.
[*Points at* Spark.

Spar. Look you there, he means me ſtill, for he Points at me.

Alith. Ridiculous!

Har. Who can only match your Faith, and Conſtancy in love.

Spar. Ay.

Har. Who knows, if it be poſſible, how to value ſo much beauty and virtue.

Spar. Ay.

Har. Whoſe love can be no more equall'd in the world, than that Heavenly form of yours.

Spar. No ——

Har. Who cou'd no more ſuffer a Rival, than your abſence, and yet cou'd no more ſuſpect your virtue, than his own Conſtancy in his love to you.

Spar. No ——

Har. Who in fine loves you better than his Eyes, that firſt made him love you.

Spar. Ay —— nay, Madam, faith you ſhan't go, till ——

Alith. Have a care, leſt you make me ſtay too long ——

Spar. But till ſhe has ſaluted you; that I may be aſſured you are Friends, after this honeſt advice and declaration: Come, pray, Madam, be friends with him.

Enter Maſter Pinchwife, *Miſtreſs* Pinchwife.

Alith. You muſt pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet ſo obedient to you.

Mr. Pin. What, invite your Wife to kiſs men? Monſtrous! are you not aſhamed? I will never forgive you.

Spar. Are you not aſhamed, that I ſhou'd have more confidence in the chaſtity of your Family, than you have; you muſt not teach me, I am a Man of honour, Sir, though I am frank and free; I am frank, Sir ——

Mr. Pin. Very frank, Sir, to ſhare your Wife with your friends.

Spar. He is an humble, menial Friend, ſuch as reconciles the differences of the Marriage-bed; you know Man and Wife do not always agree, I deſign him for that uſe, therefore wou'd have him well with my Wife.

Mr. Pin. A menial Friend —— you will get a great many menial Friends, by ſhewing your Wife as you do.

Spar. What then, it may be I have a pleaſure in't, as I have to ſhew fine Clothes, at a Play-houſe the firſt day, and count money before poor Rogues.

Mr. Pin. He that ſhews his Wife, or Money, will be in danger of having them borrowed ſometimes.

Spar. I love to be envy'd, and wou'd not marry a Wife, that I alone cou'd love; loving alone is as dull, as eating alone; is it not a frank age, and I am a frank Perſon? and to tell you the truth, it may be I love to have Rivals in a Wife, they make her ſeem to a Man ſtill, but as a kept Miſtreſs; and ſo good night, for I muſt to *Whitehall*. Madam, I hope you are now reconciled to my Friend; and ſo I wiſh you a good night, Madam, and ſleep if you can; for to morrow you know I muſt viſit you early with a Canonical Gentleman. Good night, dear *Harcourt*. [*Exit* Sparkiſh.

Har. Madam, I hope you will not refuſe my viſit to morrow, if it ſhou'd be earlier with a Canonical Gentleman than Mr. *Sparkiſh*'s?

Mr. Pin. This Gentlewoman is yet under my care, therefore you muſt yet forbear your freedom with her, Sir. [*Coming between* Alithea *and* Harcourt.

Har. Muſt, Sir ——

Mr. Pin. Yes, Sir, ſhe's my Siſter.

Har. 'Tis well ſhe is, Sir ——— for I muſt be her Servant, Sir. Madam ——

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. Come away Sister, we had been gone, if it had not been for you, and so avoided these Rakehells, who seem to haunt us.

Enter Horner, Dorilant *to them.*

Har. How now *Pinchwife*?

Mr. Pin. Your Servant.

Hor. What, I see a little time in the Country makes a Man turn wild and unsociable and only fit to converse with his Horses, Dogs, and his Herd.

Mr. Pin. I have business, Sir, and must mind it; your business is pleasure, therefore you and I must go different ways.

Hor. Well, you may go on, but this pretty young Gentleman ——

(*Takes hold of Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Har. The Lady ——

Dor. And the Maid ——

Hor. Shall stay with us, for I suppose their business is the same with ours, pleasure.

Mr. Pin. 'Sdeath he knows her, she carries it so sillily, yet if he does not, I shou'd be more silly to discover it first. (*Aside.*

Alith. Pray, let us go, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Come, come ——

Hor. Had you not rather stay with us? [*To Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Prithee *Pinchwife*, who is that pretty young Gentleman.

Mr. Pin. One to whom I am Guardian.

[I wish I cou'd keep her out of your hands —— (*Aside.*

Hor. Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my life.

Mr. Pin. Pshaw, do not look upon him so much, he's a poor bashfull Youth, you'll put him out of Countenance. Come away Brother. [*Offers to take her away.*

Hor. O your Brother.

Mr. Pin. Yes, my Wife's Brother; come, come, she'll stay Supper for us.

Hor. I thought so, for he is very like her, I saw you at the Play with, whom I told you I was in love with.

Mrs. Pin. O Jeminy! is that he that was in love with me, I'm glad on't I vow, for he's a curious fine Gentleman, and I love him already too. (*aside.*

Is this he bud? (*To Mr.* Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come away, come away. (*To his Wife.*

Hor. Why, what haste are you in? why won't you let me talk with him.

Mr. Pin. Because you'll debauch him, he's yet young and innocent, and I wou'd not have him debauch'd for any thing in the World.

How she gazes on him! the Devil —— (*Aside.*

Hor. Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here, this is the likeness of that Dowdey he told us of, his Wife, did you ever see a lovelier Creature? the Rogue has reason to be jealous of his Wife, since she is like him, for she wou'd make all that see her, in love with her.

Har. And as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be.

Dor. She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

Hor. Very pretty, a very pretty Commendation----she is a glorious Creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever beheld.

Mr. Pin. So, so.

Har. More beautifull than a Poets first Mistress of Imagination.

Hor. Or

Hor. Or another Man's laſt Miſtreſs of fleſh and blood.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, now you jeer, Sir; pray don't jeer me——.

Mr. Pin. Come, come. [By Heavens, ſhe'll diſcover her ſelf. (*Aſide.*

Hor. I ſpeak of your Siſter, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Ay, but ſaying ſhe was handſom, if like him, made him bluſh. I am upon a wrack —— (*Aſide.*

Hor. Methinks he is ſo handſom, he ſhou'd not be a Man.

Mr. Pin. O there 'tis out, he has diſcovered her, I am not able to ſuffer any longer. (Come, come away, I ſay —— (*To his Wife.*

Hor. Nay, by your leave, Sir, he ſhall not go yet—— *Harcourt*, *Dorilant*, let us torment this jealous Rogue a little. (*To them.*

Har. *Dor.* How?

Hor. I'll ſhew you.

Mr. Pin. Come pray let him go, I cannot ſtay fooling any longer; I tell you his Siſter ſtays Supper for us.

Hor. Does ſhe, come then we'll all go Sup with her and thee.

Mr. Pin. No, now I think on't, having ſtaid ſo long for us, I warrant ſhe's gone to Bed—— [I wiſh ſhe and I were well out of their hands—— (*Aſide.*

Come, I muſt riſe early to morrow, come.

Hor. Well then if ſhe be gone to bed, I wiſh her and you a good-night. But pray, young Gentleman, preſent my humble ſervice to her.

Mrs. Pin. Thank you heartily, Sir.

Mr. Pin. 'Sdeath, ſhe will diſcover her ſelf yet in ſpight of me. (*Aſide.*

He is ſomething more civil to you, for your kindneſs to his Siſter, than I am, it ſeems.

Hor. Tell her, dear ſweet little Gentleman, for all your Brother there, that you have reviv'd the love I had for her at firſt ſight in the Play-houſe.

Mrs. Pin. But did you love her indeed, and indeed?

Mr. Pin. So, ſo! (*Aſide.*

Away, I ſay.

Hor. Nay, ſtay; yes indeed, and indeed, pray do you tell her ſo, and give her this kiſs from me. [*Kiſſes her.*

Mr. Pin. O Heavens! what do I ſuffer; now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet— (*Aſide.*

Hor. And this, and this—— (*Kiſſes her again.*

Mrs. Pin. What do you kiſs me for, I am no Woman.

Mr. Pin So—— there 'tis out. [*Aſide.*

Come, I cannot, nor will ſtay any longer.

Hor. Nay, they ſhall ſend your Lady a kiſs too; here *Harcourt*, *Dorilant*, will you not? [*They kiſs her.*

Mr. Pin. How, do I ſuffer this? was I not accuſing another juſt now, for this raſcally patience, in permitting his Wife to be kiſs'd before his face? ten thouſand Ulcers gnaw away their lips. (*Aſide.*

Come, come.

Hor. Good

Hor. Good night, dear little Gentleman; Madam, good-night; farewell *Pinchwife*.
[Did not I tell you I wou'd raiſe his jealous gall?
[*Apart to* Harcourt, *and* Dorilant.

[*Exeunt* Horner, Harcourt, *and* Dorilant.

Mr. Pin. So, they are gone at laſt; ſtay, let me ſee firſt if the Coach be at this door. (*Exit.*

Hor. What not gone yet? will you be ſure to do as I deſired you, ſweet Sir?
[Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant *return.*

Mrs. Pin. Sweet Sir, but what will you give me then?

Hor. Any thing, come away into the next walk [*Exit* Horner, *halling away Mrs.* Pinch.

Alith. Hold, hold —— what d'ye do?

Lucy. Stay, ſtay, hold ——

Har. Hold, Madam, hold, let him preſent him, he'll come preſently; nay, I will never let you go, till you anſwer my queſtion.

Lucy. For God's ſake, Sir, I muſt follow 'em. } Alithea, Lucy *ſtruggling with* Harcourt, *and* Dorilant.

Dor. No, I have ſomething to preſent you with too, you ſhan't follow them. }

Pinchwife *returns.*

Mr. Pin. Where? — how? — what's become of? gone — whither?

Lucy. He's only gone with the Gentlemen, who will give him ſomething, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Mr. Pin. Something — give him ſomething, with a Pox — where are they?

Alith. In the next walk only, Brother.

Mr. Pin. Only, only; where, where?
[*Exit* Pinchwife, *and returns preſently, then goes out again.*

Har. What's the matter with him? why ſo much concern'd? but deareſt Madam —

Alith. Pray let me go, Sir, I have ſaid, and ſuffered enough already.

Har. Then you will not look upon, nor pity my ſufferings?

Alith. To look upon 'em, when I cannot help 'em, were cruelty, not pity, therefore I will never ſee you more.

Har. Let me then, Madam, have my privilege of a baniſh'd Lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewel reaſon; why, if you cannot condeſcend to marry me, you ſhou'd not take that Wretch my Rival.

Alith. He only, not you, ſince my honour is engag'd ſo far to him, can give me a reaſon, why I ſhou'd not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I muſt be ſo to him; your Servant, Sir.

Har. Have Women only conſtancy when 'tis a vice, and are like Fortune only true to fools?

Dor. Thou ſha't not ſtir thou robuſt Creature, you ſee I can deal with you, therefore you ſhou'd ſtay the rather and be kind. (*To* Lucy, *who ſtruggles to get from him.*

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Gone, gone, not to be found; quite gone, ten thouſand plagues go with 'em which way went they?

Alith. But into t'other walk, Brother.

Lucy. Their buſineſs will be done preſently ſure, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, it can't be long in doing I'm ſure on't.

Alith. Are they not there?

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. No, you know where they are, you infamous Wretch, Eternal shame of your Family, which you do not dishonour enough your self, you think, but you must help her to do it too, thou Legion of Bawds.

Alith. Good Brother.

Mr. Pin. Damn'd, damn'd, Sister.

Alith. Look you here, she's coming.

Enter Mistress Pinchwife *in Man's Cloaths, running with her Hat under her arm, full of Oranges and dried fruit,* Horner *following.*

Mrs. Pin. O dear bud, look you here what I have got, see.

Mr. Pin. And what have I got here too, which you can't see. (*Aside, rubbing his forehead.*

Mrs Pin. The fine Gentleman has given me better things yet.

Mr. Pin. Has he so? [Out of breath and colour'd——— I must hold yet. (*Aside.*

Hor. I have only given your little Brother an Orange, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Thank you, Sir. (*To* Horner.

You have only squeezed my Orange, I suppose, and given it me again; yet I must have a City patience. (*Aside:*

Come, come away —— (*To his Wife.*

Mrs. Pin. Stay till I have put up my fine things, Bud.

Enter Sir Jasper Fidget.

Sr. Jas. O Master *Horner*, come, come, the Ladies stay for you; your Mistress, my Wife, wonders you make not more haste to her.

Hor. I have staid this half hour for you here, and 'tis your fault I am not now with your Wife.

Sr. Jas. But pray, don't let her know so much, the truth on't is, I was advancing a certain Project to his Majesty about —— I'll tell you.

Hor. No, I t's go, and hear it at your House: Good night sweet little Gentleman; one kiss more, you'll remember me now I hope. (*Kisses her.*

Dor. What, Sir *Jasper*, will you seperate Friends? he promis'd to sup with us, and if you take him to your House, you'll be in danger of our Company too.

Sr. Jas. Alas Gentlemen, my house is not fit for you, there are none but civil Women there, which are not for your turn; he you know can bear with the society of civil Women, now, ha, ha, ha; besides he's one of my Family;—he's — heh, heh, heh.

Dor. What is he?

Sr. Jas. Faith, my Eunuch, since you'll have it, heh, he, he.

(*Exit Sir* Jasper Fidget, *and* Horner.

Dor. I rather wish thou wert his, or my Cuckold: *Harcourt* what a good Cuckold is lost there, for want of a man to make him one; thee and I cannot have *Horner*'s privilege, who can make use of it.

Har. Ay, to poor *Horner*, 'tis like coming to an estate at threescore, when a Man can't be the better for't.

Mr. Pin. Come.

Mrs. Pin. Presently Bud.

Dor. Come let us go too: Madam, your Servant. (*To* Alithea.

Good night Strapper. ——— (*To* Lucy.

Hor. Madam, though you will not let me have a good day, or night, I wish you one; but dare not name the other half of my wish.

Alith. Good

Alith. Good night, Sir, for ever.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know where to put this here, dear Bud, you ſhall eat it; nay, you ſhall have part of the fine Gentleman's good things, or treat, as you call it, when we come home.

Mr. Pin. Indeed, I deſerve it, ſince I furniſh'd the beſt part of it.

[*Strikes away the Orange.*

The Gallant treats, preſents, and gives the Ball;
But 'tis the abſent Cuckold, pays for all.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In Pinchwife's *Houſe in the Morning.*

Lucy, Alithea *dreſs'd in new Cloaths.*

Lucy. WEll —— Madam, now have I dreſs'd you, and ſet you out with ſo many ornaments, and ſpent upon you ounces of Eſſence, and Pulvilio; and all this for no other purpoſe, but as People adorn, and perfume a Corps, for a ſtinking ſecond-hand grave, ſuch or as bad, I think Maſter *Sparkiſh*'s Bed.

Alith. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I will ask you the reaſon, why you wou'd baniſh poor Maſter *Harcourt* for ever from your ſight? how cou'd you be ſo hard hearted?

Alith. 'Twas becauſe I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas ſtark love and kindneſs, I warrant.

Alith. It was ſo; I wou'd ſee him no more, becauſe I love him.

Lucy. Hey-day, a very pretty reaſon.

Alith. You do not underſtand me.

Lucy. I wiſh you may your ſelf.

Alith. I was engag'd to marry, you ſee, another Man, whom my juſtice will not ſuffer me to deceive, or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat, or wrong done to a Man, than to give him your Perſon, without your heart; I ſhou'd make a conſcience of it.

Alith. I'll retrieve it for him, after I am married a while.

Lucy. The Woman that marries to love better, will be as much miſtaken, as the Wencher that marries to live better: No, madam, marrying to increaſe love, is like gaming to become rich; alas, you only loſe what little ſtock you had before.

Alith. I find by your Rhetorick you have been brib'd to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart, you ſee, againſt your word, and rigid honour; but what a Devil is this honour? 'tis ſure a diſeaſe in the head, like the Megrim, or Falling-ſickneſs, that always hurries People away to do themſelves miſchief; Men loſe their lives by it: Women, what's dearer to 'em, their love, the life of life.

Alith. Come, pray talk you no more of honour, nor Maſter *Harcourt*; I wiſh the other wou'd come, to ſecure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him then?

Alith. Certainly, I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be not an errant Natural, to t'other fine Gentleman,

Alith. I own he wants the wit of *Harcourt*, which I will dispense withal, for another want he has, which is want of jealousie, which Men of Wit seldom want.

Lucy, Lord, Madam, what shou'd you do with a fool to your Husband, you intend to be honest don't you? then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alith. He only that could suspect my virtue, shou'd have cause to do it; 'tis *Sparkish*'s confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

Lucy. You are not sure his opinion may last.

Alith I am satisfied, 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him: Jealousie in a Husband, Heaven defend me from it, it begets a thousand plagues to a poor Woman, the loss of her honour, her quiet, and her ———

Lucy. And her pleasure.

Alith. What d'ye mean Impertinent?

Lucy. Liberty is a great pleasure, Madam.

Alith. I say loss of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life sometimes; and what's as bad almost, the loss of this Town, that is, she is sent into the Country, which is the last ill usage of a Husband to a Wife I think.

Luch. O do's the wind lie there? [*Aside*

Then of necessity, Madam, you think a Man must carry his Wife into the Country, if he be wise; the Country is as terrible I find to our young English Ladies, as a Monastery to those abroad; and on my Virginity, I think they wou'd rather marry a *London*-Goaler, then a high Sheriff of a County, since neither can stir from his imployment: formerly Women of Wit married Fools, for a great Estate, a fine Seat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty Seat only in *Lincoln*'s-*Inn-Fields*, *St. James*'s-*Fields*, or the *Pall-mall*.

Enter to them Sparkish, *and* Harcourt *dress'd like a Parson.*

Spar. Madam, your humble Servant, a happy day to you, and to us all.

Har. Amen ——

Alith. Who have we here?

Spar. My Chaplain faith ——— O Madam, poor *Harcourt* remembers his humble service to you; and in obediance to your last commands refrains coming into your sight.

Alith Is not that he?

Spar. No, fye no; but to shew that he ne'er intended to hinder our Match has sent his Brother here to joyn our hands; when I get me a Wife, I must get her a Chaplain, according to the Custom; this is his Brother, and my Chaplain.

Alith. His Brother?

Lucy And your Chaplain, to preach in your Pulpit then ———

Alith. His Brother!

Spar. Nay, I knew you won'd not belive it; I told you, Sir, she wou'd take you for your Brother *Frank*.

Alith. Believe it!

Lucy. His Brother! hah, ha, he, he has a trick left still it seems —— [*Aside.*

Spar. Come

Spar. Come my dearest, pray let us go to Church before the Canonical hour is past.

Alith. For shame, you are abus'd still.

Spar. By the World 'tis strange now you are so incredulous.

Alith. 'Tis strange you are so credulous.

Spar. Dearest of my life, here me, I tell you this is *Ned Harcourt* of *Cambridge*, by the World you see he has a sneaking College look; 'tis true he's something like his Brother *Frank*, and they differ from each other no more than in their age, for they were Twins.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he.

Alith. Your Servant, Sir, I cannot be so deceiv'd, though you are; but come let's hear, how do you know what you affirm so confidently?

Spar. Why, I'll tell you all; *Frank Harcourt* coming to me this morning, to wish me joy, and present his service to you: I ask'd him, if he cou'd help me to a Parson, whereupon he told me, he had a Brother in Town who was in Orders, and he went straight away, and sent him, you see there, to me.

Alith. Yes, *Frank* goes, and puts on a black-coat, then tells you, he is *Ned*, that's all you have for't.

Spar. Pshaw, Pshaw, I tell you by the same token, the Midwife put her Garter about *Frank*'s neck, to know 'em asunder, they were so like.

Alith. *Frank* tells you this too.

Spar. Ay, and *Ned*, there too; nay, they are both in a story.

Alith. So, so, very foolish.

Spar. Lord, if you won't believe one, you had best try him by your Chamber maid there; for Chamber-maids must needs know Chaplains from other Men, they are so us'd so to 'em.

Lucy. Let's see; nay, I'll be sworn he has the Canonical smirk, and the filthy, clammy palm of a Chaplain.

Alith. Well, most reverend Doctor, pray let us make an end of this fooling.

Har. With all my Soul, Divine, Heavenly Creature, when you please.

Alith. He speaks like a Chaplain indeed.

Spar. Why, was there not, Soul, Divine, Heavenly in what he said?

Alith Once more, most impertinent Black-coat, cease your persecution and let us have a Conclusion of this ridiculous love.

Har. I had forgot, I must sute my Stile to my Coat, or I wear it in vain. (*Alith.*

Alith. I have no more patience left, let us make once an end of this troublesome Love, I say.

Har. So be it, Seraphick Lady, when your honour shall think it meet, and convenient so to do.

Spar. 'Gad I'm sure none but a Chaplain cou'd speak so I think.

Alith. Let me tell you, Sir, this dull trick will not serve your turn, though you delay our Marriage you shall not hinder it.

Har. Far be it from me, Munificent Patroness, to delay your Marriage, I desire nothing more than to marry you presently, which I might do, if you your self wou'd; for my Noble Good-natur'd, and thrice Generous Patron here won'd not hinder it.

Spar. No, poor Man, not I faith.

Har. And now, Madam, let me tell you plainly, no body else shall marry you, by Heavens, I'll die first, for I'm sure I shou'd die after it.

Lucy. How his love has made him forget his Function, as I have ſeen it in real Parſons.

Alith. That was ſpoken like a Chaplain too, now you underſtand him, I hope.

Spar. Poor man, he takes it hainouſly to be refus'd; I can't blame him, 'tis putting an indignity upon him not to be ſuffer'd, but you'll pardon me, Madam, it ſhan't be, he ſhall marry us; come away, pray Madam.

Lucy. Hah, ha, he, more ado! 'tis late.

Alith. Invincible ſtupidity! I tell you he wou'd marry me, as your Rival, not as your Chaplain.

Spar. Come, come Madam. (*Pulling her away.*

Lucy. I pray, Madam, do not refuſe this Reverend Divine the honour and ſatisfaction of marrying you; for I dare ſay, he has ſet his heart upon't, good Doctor.

Alith. What can you hope, or deſign by this?

Harc. I cou'd anſwer her, a reprieve for a day only often revokes a haſty doom; at worſt, if ſhe will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at leaſt the Lovers ſecond pleaſure, hindring my Rivals enjoyment, though but for a time.

Spar. Come Madam, 'tis e'en twelve a Clock, and my Mother charg'd me never to be married out of the Canonical hours; come, come: Lord, here's ſuch a deal of modeſty, I warrant the firſt day.

Lucy. Yes, and pleaſe your Worſhip, married Women ſhew all their Modeſty the firſt day, becauſe married Men ſhew all their love the firſt day.

[*Exeunt* Sparkiſh, Alithea, Harcourt, *and* Lucy.

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear Pinchwife, *and Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. Come tell me, I ſay.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, han't I told it a hundred times over?

Mr. Pin. I wou'd try, if in the repetition of the ungratefull tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the leaſt circumſtance, for if her ſtory be falſe, ſhe is ſo too. (*Aſide.* Come, how was't Baggage

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what pleaſure you take to hear it ſure.

Mr. Pin. No, you take more in telling it, I find; but ſpeak, how was't?

Mrs. Pin. He carried me up into a houſe, next to the Exchange.

Mr. Pin. So, and you two were only in the Room.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, for he ſent away a Youth that was there, for ſome dried Fruit, and China Oranges.

Mr. Pin. Did he ſo? Damn him for it —— and for ——.

Mrs. Pin. But preſently came up the Gentlewoman of the Houſe.

Mr. Pin. O, 'twas well ſhe did, but what did he do whilſt the Fruit came?

Mrs. Pin. He kiſs'd me an hundred times, and told me he fancied he kiſs'd my fine Siſter, meaning me, you know, whom he ſaid he lov'd with all his Soul, and bid me be ſure to tell her ſo, and to deſire her to be at her Window, by eleven of the Clock this morning, and he wou'd walk under it at that time.

Mr. Pin. And he was as good as his word, very punctual, a pox reward him for't. (*Aſide.*

Mrs. Pin. Well, and he ſaid if you were not within, he wou'd come up to her, meaning me, you know, Bud, ſtill.

Mr. Pin. So——he knew her certainly, but for his confeſſion, I am oblig'd to her ſimplicity. (*Aſide.*

But

But what you ſtood very ſtill, when he kiſs'd you?

Mrs. Pin. Yes, I warrant you, you wou'd have had me diſcovered my ſelf?

Mr. Pin. But you told me, he did ſome beaſtlineſs to you, as you call'd it, what was't?

Mrs. Pin. Why, he put——

Mr. Pin. What?

Mrs. Pin. Why he put the tip of his tongue between my lips, and ſo muſſl'd me——and I ſaid, I'd bite it.

Mr. Pin. An eternal canker ſeize it, for a dog.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, you need not be ſo angry with him neither, for to ſay truth, he has the ſweeteſt breath I ever knew.

Mr. Pin. The Devil——you were ſatisfied with it then, and wou'd do it again.

Mrs. Pin. Not unleſs he ſhou'd force me.

Mr. Pin. Force you, changeling, I tell you no Woman can be forced.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, but ſhe may ſure, by ſuch a one as he, for he's a proper goodly ſtrong Man, 'tis hard, let me tell you, to reſiſt him.

Mr. Pin. So, 'tis plain ſhe loves him, yet ſhe has not love enough to make her conceal it from me, but the ſight of him will increaſe her averſion for me, and love for him; and that love inſtruct her how to deceive me, and ſatisfie him, all Ideot as ſhe is: Love, 'twas he gave Women firſt their craft, their art of deluding; out of Natures hands they came plain, open, ſilly, and fit for ſlaves, as ſhe and Heaven intended 'em; but damn'd Love——Well——I muſt ſtrangle that little Monſter, whilſt I can deal with him.

Go fetch Pen, Ink, and Paper out of the next room.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, Bud. (*Exit Mrs.* Pinchwife

Mr. Pin. Why ſhou'd Women have more invention in love than Men? It can only be becauſe they have more deſires, more ſoliciting paſſions, more luſt, and more of the Devil.

Miſtreſs Pinchwife *returns.*

Come, Minks, ſit down and write.

Mrs. Pin. Ay, dear Bud, but I can't do't very well.

Mr. Pin. I wiſh you cou'd not at all.

Mrs. Pin. But what ſhou'd I write for?

Mr. Pin. I'll have you write a Letter to your Lover.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord to the fine Gentleman a Letter!

Mr. Pin. Yes, to the fine Gentleman.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, you do but jeer; ſure you jeſt.

Mr. Pin. I am not ſo merry, come write as I bid you.

Mrs. Pin. What, do you think I am a Fool?

Mr. Pin. She's afraid I wou'd not dictate any love to him, therefore ſhe's unwilling, but you had beſt begin.

Mrs. Pin. Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, ſo I won't.

Mr. Pin. Why?

Mrs. Pin. Becauſe he's in Town, you may ſend for him if you will.

Mr. Pin. Very well, you wou'd have him brought to you; is it come to this? I ſay take the Pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Lord, what d'ye make a Fool of me for? Don't I know that Letters are never writ, but from the Country to *London*, and from *London* into the Country; now he's in Town and I am in Town too; therefore I can't write to him you know.

Mr. Pin. So I'm glad it is no worſe, ſhe is innocent enough yet. (*Aſide.*

Yes you may, when your Husband bids you, write Letters to people that are in Town.

Mrs. Pin. O may I ſo! Then I am ſatisfied.

Mr. Pin. Come begin — Sir——— (*Dictates.*

Mrs. Pin. Shan't I ſay, Dear Sir? You know one ſays always ſomething more than bare Sir.

Mr. Pin. Write as I bid you, or I will write Whore with this Penknife in your Face.

Mrs. Pin. Nay good Bud —— Sir ——— (*She writes.*

Mr. Pin. Though I ſuffered laſt night your nauſeous loath'd Kiſſes and Embraces—— Write.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, why ſhou'd I ſay ſo? you know I told you he had a ſweet breath.

Mr. Pin. Write.

Mrs. Pin. Let me but put out loath'd.

Mr. Pin. Write I ſay.

Mrs. Pin. Well then. (*Writes.*

Mr. Pin. Let's ſee, what have you writ?

Though I ſuffered laſt night your Kiſſes and Embraces ——— (*Takes the paper, and reads.*

Thou impudent Creature where is nauſeous and loath'd?

Mrs. Pin. I can't abide to write ſuch filthy words.

Mr. Pin. Once more write as I'd have you, and queſtion it not, or I will ſpoil thy writing with this, I will ſtab out thoſe eyes that cauſe my miſchief. [*Holds up the Penknife.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, I will.

Mr. Pin. So —— ſo ——— let's ſee now! [*Reads.*

Though I ſuffered laſt night your nauſeous, loath'd Kiſſes and Embraces; go on ———

Yet I wou'd not have you preſume that you ſhall ever repeat them — So—— (*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. I have writ it.

Mr. Pin. On then——I then concealed my ſelf from your knowledge, to avoid your inſolencies ——— (*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So ———

Mr. Pin. The ſame reaſon now I am out of your hands ——— (*She writes*

Mrs. Pin. So ———

Mr. Pin. Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though innocent frolick of being in Man's Cloaths. (*She writes.*

Mrs. Pin. So ———

Mr. Pin. That you may for evermore ceaſe to purſue her, who hates and deteſts you ——— — (*She writes on.*

Mrs. Pin. So ———h ——— [*Sighs.*

Mr. Pin. What do you ſigh? — deteſts you ——— as much as ſhe loves her Husband and her Honour ———

Mrs. Pin. I vow Husband he'll ne'er believe, I ſhou'd write ſuch a Letter.

Mr. Pin. What he'd expect a kinder from you? come now your name only.

Mrs. Pin. What, ſhan't I ſay your moſt faithful, humble Servant till death?

Mr. Pin. No, tormenting Friend; her ſtile I find wou'd be very ſoft. (*Aſide.*

Come

Come wrap it up now, whilſt I go fetch wax and a candle; and write on the back-ſide, For Mr. *Horner*. *Exit* Pinchwife

Mrs. Pin. For Mr. *Horner* -- So, I am glad he has told me his name; Dear Mr. *Horner*, but why ſhould I ſend thee ſuch a Letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me;——well I will not ſend it -- Ay, but then my Husband will kill me —— for I ſee plainly, he won't let me love Mr. *Horner* but what care I for my Huſband —— I won't, ſo I wont ſend poor Mr. *Horner* ſuch a Letter —— but then my Huſband——But oh —— what if I writ at bottom, my Husband made me writ it —— Ay, but then my Husband will ſee't -- Can one have no ſhift, ah, a *London* woman wou'd have had a hundred preſently; ſtay——what if I ſhou'd writ a Letter, and wrap it up like this and write upon't too; ay but then my Husband wou'd ſee't —— I don't know what to do —— But yet y'vads I'll try, ſo I will——for I will not ſand this Letter to poor Mr. *Horner*, come what will on't.

Dear ſweet Mr. *Horner* ſo my Husband wou'd have me ſend you a baſe, rude, unmannerly Letter——but I won't——*ſo*—— and wou'd have me forbid you loving me—— but I wont—— *ſo*——and wou'd have me ſay to you, I hate you poor Mr *Horner* —— but I wont tell a lye for him——*there* for I'm ſure if you and I were in the Country at Cards together -- *ſo*— I cou'd not help treading on your Toe under the Table —*ſo*—, or rubbing knees with you, and ſtaring in your face, 'till you ſaw me — *very well* and then looking down, and blushing for an hour together—— *ſo*——but I muſt make haſte before my Husband comes; and now he has taught me to write Letters: You ſhall have longer ones from me, who am, *She writs and repeats what ſhe hath writ*

Dear, dear, poor dear Mr *Horner*, your moſt
Humble Frend, and Servant to command 'till death.
Margery Pinchwife.

Stay I muſt give him a hint at bottom—*ſo*—— now wrap it up juſt like t'other —— *ſo*— now writ for Mr. *Horner*,— But oh now, what ſhall I do with it? for here comes my Husband.

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. I have been detained by a Sparkiſh Coxcomb, who pretended a viſit to me; but I fear 'twas to my Wife. [*Aſide*
What have you done?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, ay Bud, juſt now.

Mr. Pin. Let,s ſee't what d'ye tremble for; what, you wou'd not have it go?

Mrs. Pin Here——No I muſt not give him that, ſo I had been ſerved if I had given him this. [*Aſide* *He opens, and reads the firſt Letter*

Mr. Pin. Come where's the wax and Seal?

Mrs. Pin. Lord what ſhall I do now? Nay then I have it—— (*Aſide.*
Pray let me ſee't, Lord you think me ſo arrand a fool, I cannot ſeal a Letter, I will do't ſo I will. *Snatches the Letter from him, changes it for the other, ſeals it, and delivers it to him.*

Mr. Pin. Nay, I belive you will learn that and other things too, which I wou'd not have you.

Mrs Pin. So, han't I done it courioufly?
I think I have, there's my Letter going to Mr. *Horner*; ſince he'll needs have me ſend Letters to Folks. (*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin 'Tis very well, but I warrant, you wou'd not have it go now?

Mrs Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, but I wou'd, Bud, now.

Mr. Pin. Well, you are a good Girl then, come let me lock you up in your Chamber till I come back; and be ſure you come not within three ſtrides of the window, when I am gone; for I have a ſpye in the ſtreet.

At leaſt 'tis fit ſhe think ſo, if we do not cheat Women, they'll cheat us; and fraud may be juſtly uſed with ſecret enemies, of which a Wife is the moſt dangerous; and he that has a handſom one to keep, and a Frontier Town, muſt provide againſt treachery, rather than open Force—Now I have ſecured all within, I'll deal with the Foe without with falſe intelligence. (*Holds up the Letter.*

Pinchwife *locks the door.*

(*Exit* Pinchwife.

The Scenes changes to Horner's *Lodging.*

Quack *and* Horner.

Qu. Well Sir, how fadges the new deſign? have not you the luck of all your Brother Projectors, to deceive only your ſelf at laſt?

Hor. No, good *Domine* Doctor, I deceive you it ſeems, and others too; for the grave Matrons and old rigid Husbands think me as unfit for love, as they are; but their Wives Siſters, and Daughters, know ſome of 'em better things already.

Qu. Already!

Hor. Already, I ſay; laſt night I was drunk with half a dozen of your civil Perſons, as you call 'em, and People of Honour: and ſo was made free of their Society, and Dreſſing-rooms for ever hereafter; and am already come to the privileges of ſleeping upon their Pallats, warming Smocks, tying Shooes and Garters, and the like, Doctor, already, already Doctor.

Qu. You have made uſe of your time, Sir.

Hor. I tell thee, I am now no more interruption to 'em, when they ſing, or talk bawdy, than a little ſquab French Page, who ſpeaks no Engliſh.

Qu. But do civil Perſons, and Women of Honour, drink and ſing bawdy Songs?

Hor. O amongſt Friends, amongſt Friends; for your Bigots in Honour, are juſt like thoſe in Religion; they fear the eye of the World, more than the eye of Heaven and think there is no vertue, but railing at vice; and no ſin, but giving ſcandal: They rail at a poor, little, kept Player, and keep themſelves ſome young, modeſt Pulpit-Comedian to be privy to their ſins in their Cloſets, not to tell 'em of them in their Chappels.

Qu. Nay, the truth on't is, Prieſts amongſt the Women now, have quite got the better of us Lay-Confeſſors, Phyſicians.

Hor. And they are rather their Patients, but——

Enter my Lady Fidget, *looking about her.*

Now we talk of Women of Honour, here comes one, ſtep behind the Screen there, and but obſerve; if I have not particular privileges, with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

La. Fid. Well *Horner*, am not I a Woman of Honour? you ſee I'm as good as my word.

Hor. And you ſhall ſee, Madam, I'll not be behind-hand with you in honour, and I'll be as good as my word too, if you pleaſe but to withdraw into the next room.

La. Fid.

La. Fid. But firſt, my dear Sir, you muſt promiſe to have a care of my dear Honour.

Hor. If you talk a word more of your Honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it; to talk of Honour in the myſteries of Love, is like talking of Heaven, or the Deity in an operation of Witchcraft, juſt when you are employing the Devil, it makes the charm impotent.

La. Fid. Nay, fie, let us not be ſmooty; but you talk of myſteries, and bewitching to me, I don't underſtand you.

Hor. I tell you, Madam, the word money in a Miſtreſſes mouth, at ſuch a nick of time, is not a more diſheartning ſound to a younger Brother, than that of Honour to an eager Lover like my ſelf.

La. Fid. But you can't blame a Lady of my reputation to be chary.

Hor. Chary——I have been chary of it already, by the report I have caus'd of my ſelf.

La. Fid. Ay, but if you ſhou'd ever let other Women know that dear ſecret, it won'd come out; nay, you muſt have a great care of your Conduct; for my acquaintance are ſo cenſorious, (oh 'tis a wicked cenſorious World, Mr. *Horner*,) I ſay, are ſo cenſorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice of my Honour, though you ſhou'd not let them know the dear ſecret.

Hor. Nay, Madam, rather than they ſhall prejudice your Honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and to ſerve you, I'll lie with 'em all, make the ſecret their own, and then they'll keep it: I am a *Machiavil* in love, Madam.

La. Fid. O, no Sir, not that way.

Hor. Nay, the Devil take me, if cenſorious Women are to be ſilenc'd any other way.

La. Fid. A ſecret is better kept, I hope, by a ſingle Perſon than a multitude; therefore don't truſt any body elſe with it, dear, dear, Mr. *Horner*.

Enter Sir Jaſper Fidget.

Sr. Jaſ. How now!

La. Fid. O my Husband——prevented——and what's almoſt as bad, found with my arms about another Man——that will appear too much——what ſhall I ſay. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jaſper* come hither, I am trying if Mr. *Horner* were tickliſh, and he's as tickliſh as can be, I love to torment the confounded Toad; let you and I tickle him.

Sr. Jaſ. No, your Ladyſhip will tickle him better without me, I ſuppoſe; but is this your buying China, I thought you had been at the China-Houſe?

Hor. China-Houſe, that's my Cue, I muſt take it. (*Aſide.*

A Pox, can't you keep your impertinent Wives at home? ſome Men are troubled with the Husbands, but I with the Wives; but I'd have you to know ſince I cannot be your Journey-man by night, I will not be your drudge by day, to ſquire your Wife about, and be your Man of ſtraw, or ſcare-crow only to Pyes and Jays; that would be nibling at your forbidden fruit; I ſhall be ſhortly the Hackney Gentleman-Uſher of the Town.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, heh, he, poor fellow he's in the right on't faith, to ſquire Women about for other folks, is as ungrateful an employment, as to tell money for other folks; (*Aſide.*

Heh, he, he, ben't angry *Horner*——

La. Fid. No, 'tis I have more reaſon to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad

broad indecently alone; or, what is more indecent, to pin my self upon such ill-bred people of your acquaintance, as this is.

Sr. Jas. Nay, prithee, what has he done?

La. Fid. Nay, he has done nothing.

Sr. Jas. But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing?

La. Fid. Hah, hah, hah, Faith, I can't but laugh however; why, d'ye think the unmannerly toad wou'd come down to me to the Coach? I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was resolved not to do; for he knows China very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest I shou'd beg some; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet.

(*Exit* Lady Fidget, *and locks the door, followed by* Horner *to the door.*

Hor. Lock the door Madam —— (*Apart to Lady* Fidget.

So, she has got into my Chamber, and lock'd me out, oh the impertinency of Womankind! Well, Sir *Jasper*, plain dealing is a Jewel; if ever you suffer your Wife to trouble me again here, she shall carry you home a pair of Horns, by my Lord Mayor she shall; though I cannot furnish you my self, you are sure, yet I'll find a way.

Sr. Jas. Hah, ha, he, at my first coming in, and finding her Arms about him, tickling him it seems, I was half jealous, but now I see my Folly. (*Aside.*

Heh, he, he, poor *Horner.*

Hor. Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn e're long: Oh Women, more impertinent, more cunning and more mischievous than their Monkeys, and to me almost as ugly —— now is she throwing my things about, and rifling all I have, but I'll get in to her the back way, and so rifle her for it ——

Sr. Jas. Hah, ha, ha, poor angry *Horner.*

Hor. Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, I warrant.

(*Exit* Horner *at t'other door.*

Sr. Jas. Wife, my Lady *Fidget*, Wife, he is coming into you the back way. } *Sr.* Jasper *calls through the door to his Wife, she answers from within.*

La. Fid. Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

Sr. Jas. He'll catch you, and use you roughly, and be too strong for you.

La. Fid. Don't you trouble your self, let him if he can.

Qu. [*Behind*] This indeed I cou'd not have believ'd from him, nor any but my own eyes.

Enter Mistress Squeamish.

Squeam. Where's this Woman-hater, this Toad, this ugly, greasie, dirty Sloven?

Sr. Jas. So the Women all will have him ugly, methinks he's a comely person; but his wants make his form contemptible to 'em; and 'tis e'en as my Wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome Eunuch, was as ridiculous a thing as a Gigantick Coward.

Squeam. Sir *Jasper*, your Servant, where is the odious Beast?

Sr. Jas. He's within in his Chamber, with my Wife; she's playing the wag with him.

Squeam. Is she so, and he's a clownish beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you; come, let's go help her——What, the door's lock'd?

Sr. Jas. Ay, my Wife lock'd it——

Squeam. Did she so? let us break it open then.

Sr. Jas.

Sr. Jaſ. No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Squeam. No——But is there no other way to get into 'em, whither goes this? I will diſturb 'em. (*Aſide.*

(*Exit* Squeamiſh *at another door.*

Enter Old Lady Squeamiſh.

Old L. Squeam. Where is this Harlotry, this Impudent Baggage, this rambling Tomrigg? O Sir *Jaſper*, I'm glad to ſee you here, did you not ſee my vil'd Grandchild come in hither juſt now.

Sr. Jaſ. Yes.

Old L. Squeam. Ay, but where is ſhe then? where is ſhe? Lord, Sir *Jaſper* I have e'en ratled my ſelf to pieces in purſuit of her; but can you tell what ſhe makes here? they ſay below, no Woman lodges here.

Sr. Jaſ. No.

Old L. Squeam. No——What does ſhe here then? ſay if it be not a Woman's lodging what makes ſhe here? but are you ſure no Woman lodges here?

Sr. Jaſ. No, nor no Man neither, this is Mr. *Horner*'s lodging.

Old L. Squeam. Is it ſo are you ſure?

Sr. Jaſ. Yes, yes.

Old L. Squeam. So then there's no hurt in't I hope, but where is he?

Sr. Jaſ. He's in the next room with my Wife.

Old L. Squeam. Nay, if you truſt him with your Wife, I may with my Biddy, they ſay he's a merry harmleſs Man now, e'en as harmleſs a Man as ever came out of *Italy*, with a good voice, and as pretty harmleſs company for a Lady, as a Snake without his Teeth.

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, ay, poor Man.

Enter Mrs. Squeamiſh.

Squeam. I can't find 'em——Oh, are you here, Grandmother, I follow'd, you muſt know, my Lady *Fidget* hither, 'tis the prettieſt lodging, and I have been ſtaring on the prettieſt Pictures.

Enter Lady Fidget *with a piece of China in her hand, and* Horner *following.*

La. Fid. And I have been toyling and moyling, for the prettieſt piece of China, my Dear.

Hor. Nay, ſhe has been too hard for me, do what I cou'd.

Squeam. Oh, Lord, I'll have ſome China too, good Mr. *Horner*, don't think to give other People China, and me none; come in with me too.

Hor. Upon my honour I have none left now.

Squeam. Nay, nay, I have known you deny your China before now, but you ſhan't put me off ſo, come——

Hor. This Lady had the laſt there.

La. Fid. Yes indeed, Madam, to my certain knowledge he has no more left.

Squeam. O, but it may be he may have ſome you could not find.

La. Fid. What d'ye think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too, for we Women of Quality never think we have China enough.

Hor. Do not take it ill, I cannot make China for you all, but I will have a Rol-waggon for you too, another time.

Squeam. Thank you, dear Toad. [*To* Horner *aſide.*

La. Fid. What do you mean by that promiſe?

Hor. Alas, she has an Innocent, literal understanding. [*Apart to Lady* Fidget.

Old L. Squeam. Poor Mr. *Horner*, he has enough to do to please you all, I see.

Hor. Ay, Madam, you see how they use me.

Old L. Squeam. Poor Gentleman, I pitty you.

Hor. I thank you, Madam, I could never find pity, but from such reverend Ladies as you are, the young ones will never spare a Man.

Squeam. Come, come, Beast, and go dine with us, for we shall want a Man at Hombre after dinner.

Hor. That's all their use of me, Madam, you see.

Squeam. Come Sloven, I'll lead you to be sure of you. [*Pulls him by the Cravat.*

Old L. Squeam. Alas poor Man, how she tugs him, kiss, kiss her, that's the way to make such nice Women quiet.

Hor. No, Madam, that Remedy is worse than the torment, they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

Old L. Squeam. Prithee kiss her, and I'll give you her Picture in little, that you admired so last night, prithee do.

Hor. Well, nothing but that cou'd bribe me, I love a Woman only in Effigy and good painting, as much as I hate them——I'll do't, for I cou'd adore the Devil well painted. [*Kisses Mrs.* Squeam.

Squeam. Foh, you filthy Toad, nay, now I've done jesting.

Old L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.

Squeam. Foh, a kiss of his ———

Sr. Jas. Has no more hurt in't, than one of my Spaniels.

Squeam. Nor no more good neither.

Qu. I will now believe any thing he tells me. [*Behind.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

La. Fid. O Lord, here's a Man, Sir *Jasper*, my Mask, my Mask, I wou'd not be seen here for the World.

Sr. Jas. What, not when I am with you?

La. Fid. No, no, my honour———let's be gone.

Squeam. Oh Grandmother, let us be gone, make haste, make haste, I know not how he may censure us.

La. Fid. Be found in the lodging of any thing like a Man, away.

[*Exeunt Sir* Jasper, La. Fid. Old La. Squeam. *Mrs.* Squeamish.

Qu. What's here, another Cuckold — he looks like one, and none else sure have any business with him. [*Behind.*

Hor. What brings my dear Friend hither?

Mr. Pin. Your impertinency.

Hor. My impertinency — ——why you Gentlemen that have got handsome Wives, think you have a priviledge of saying any thing to your Friends, and are as brutish as if you were Creditors.

Mr. Pin. No, Sir, I'll ne'er trust you any way.

Hor. But why not, dear *Jack*, why diffide in me, thou know'st so well?

Mr. Pin. Because I do know you so well.

Hor. Han't I been always thy Friend, honest *Jack*, always ready to serve thee, in love, or battel, before thou wert married, and am so still?

Mr. Pin. I believe so, you wou'd be my second, now indeed.

Hor. Well

Hor. Well then dear *Jack*, why ſo unkind, ſo grum, ſo ſtrange to me, come prithee kiſs me dear Rogue, gad I was always I ſay, and am ſtill as much thy Servant as——

Mr. Pin. As I am yours, Sir. What you wou'd ſend a kiſs to my Wife, is that it?

Hor. So there 'tis—— a Man can't ſhew his Friendſhip to a married Man, but preſently he talks of his Wife to you; prithee let thy Wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were wont, what thou art as ſhy of my kindneſs as a *Lumbard-ſtreet* Alderman of a Courtier's civility at *Lockets*.

Mr. Pin. But you are over kind to me, as kind as if I were your Cuckold already, yet I muſt confeſs you ought to be kind and civil to me, ſince I am ſo kind, ſo civil to you, as to bring you this, look you there, Sir. [*Delivers him a Letter.*

Hor. What is't?

Mr. Pin. Only a Love Letter, Sir.

Hor. From whom—— how, this is from your Wife—— hum——and hum—— [*Reads.*

Mr. Pin. Even from my Wife, Sir, am not I wonderous kind and civil to you, now too?
But you'll not think her ſo. (*Aſide.*

Hor. Ha, is this a trick of his, or hers? (*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. The Gentleman's ſurpriz'd I find, what, you expected a kinder Letter?

Hor. No faith, not I, how cou'd I?

Mr. Pin. Yes, yes, I'm ſure you did; a Man ſo well made as you are muſt needs be diſappointed, if the Women declare not their paſſion at firſt ſight or opportunity.

Hor. But what ſhould this mean? ſtay, the Poſtſcript.
Be ſure you love me, whatſoever my Husband ſays to the contrary, and let him not ſee this, leſt he ſhou'd come home, and pinch me, or kill my Squirrel. [*Reads aſide.*
It ſeems he knows not what the Letter contains. (*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. Come, ne'er wonder at it ſo much.

Hor. Faith, I can't help it.

Mr. Pin. Now, I think, I have deſerv'd your infinite Friendſhip, and kindneſs, and have ſhewed my ſelf ſufficiently an obliging kind Friend and Husband, am I not, to bring a Letter from my Wife to her Gallant?

Hor. Ay, the Devil take me, art thou the moſt obliging kind Friend and Husband in the World, ha, ha.

Mr. Pin. Well, you may be merry, Sir, but in ſhort I muſt tell you, Sir, my honour will ſuffer no jeſting.

Hor. What do'ſt thou mean?

Mr. Pin. Does the Letter want a Comment? then know Sir, though I have been ſo civil a Husband as to bring you a Letter from my Wife, to let you kiſs and court her to my Face, I will not be a Cuckold, Sir, I will not.

Hor. Thou art mad with jealouſie, I never ſaw thy Wife in my life, but at the Play yeſterday, and I know not if it were ſhe or no: I court her, kiſs her!

Mr. Pin. I will not be a Cuckold, I ſay, there will be danger in making me a Cuckold.

Hor. Why, wert thou not well cur'd of thy laſt clap?

Mr. Pin. I wear a Sword.

Hor. It ſhou'd be taken from thee, leſt thou ſhould'ſt do thy ſelf a miſchief with it, thou art mad, Man.

Mr. Pin.

Mr. Pin. As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must have more reason from you e'er we part, I say again, though you kiss'd and courted last night my Wife in Man's clothes, as she confesses in her Letter.

Hor. Ha ——— [*Aside.*

Mr. Pin. Both she and I say, you must not design it again, for you have mistaken your Woman, as you have done your Man.

Hor. Oh ——— I understand something now———. (*Aside.*
Was that thy Wife? why would'st thou not tell me 'twas she? faith my freedom with her was your fault, not mine.

Mr. Pin. Faith, so 'twas ——— (*Aside.*

Hor. Fye, I'd never do't to a Woman before her Husband's face, sure.

Mr. Pin. But I had rather you shou'd do't to my Wife before my face, than behind my back, and that you shou'd never do.

Hor. No ——— you will hinder me.

Mr. Pin. If I wou'd not hinder you, you see by her Letter she wou'd.

Hor. Well, I must e'en acquiesce then, and be contented with what she writes.

Mr. Pin. I'll assure you 'twas voluntarily writ, I had no hand in't, you may believe me.

Hor. I do believe thee, faith.

Mr. Pin. And believe her too, for she's an innocent Creature, has no dissembling in her, and so fare you well, Sir.

Hor. Pray, however, present my humble service to her, and tell her I will obey her Letter to a tittle, and fulfill her desires, be what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't, and you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her, and you ———

Mr. Pin. Well, then fare you well, and play with any Mans honour but mine, kiss any Man's Wife but mine, and welcome ——— [*Exit Mr.* Pinch.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha, Doctor.

Qu. It seems he has not heard the report of you, or does not believe it?

Hor. Ha, ha, now Doctor, what think you?

Qu. Pray let's see the Letter —— hum ——— for —— dear ——— Love, you ——
[*Reads the Letter.*

Hor. I wonder how she cou'd contrive it! what say'st thou to't, 'tis an Original.

Qu. So are your Cuckolds too Originals: for they are like no other common Cuckolds, and I will henceforth believe it not impossible for you to Cuckold the Grand Signior amidst his Guards of Eunuchs, that I say ——

Hor. And I say for the Letter, 'tis the first Love-Letter that ever was without Flames, Darts, Fates, Destinies, Lying, and Dissembling in't.

Enter Sparkish, *pulling in Mr.* Pinchwife.

Spar. Come back, you are a pretty Brother-in-law, neither go to Church, nor to dinner with your Sister Bride.

Mr. Pin. My Sister denies her marriage, and you see is gone away from you dissatisfi'd.

Spar. Pshaw, upon a foolish scruple, that our Parson was not in lawful Orders, and did not say all the Common-Prayer, but 'tis her modesty only I believe, but let Women be never so modest the first day, they'll be sure to come to themselves by night, and I shall have enough of her then; in the mean time, *Harry Horner*, you must dine with me, I keep my Wedding at my Aunts in the *Piazza*.

Hor. Thy

Hor. Thy wedding! what ſtale Maid has liv'd to deſpair of a Husband, or what young one of a Gallant?

Spar. O your Servant Sir —— this Gentleman's Siſter then —— No ſtale Maid.

Hor. I'm ſorry for't.

Mr. Pin. How comes he ſo concern'd for her —— (*Aſide.*

Spar. You ſorry for't, why do you know any ill by her?

Hor. No, I know none but by thee, 'tis for her ſake, not yours, and another Man's ſake that might have hop'd, I thought ——

Spar. Another Man, another Man! what is his Name?

Hor. Nay, ſince 'tis paſt he ſhall be nameleſs.

Poor *Harcourt*, I am ſorry thou haſt miſt her—— (*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. He ſeems to be much troubled at the match —— (*Aſide.*

Spar. Prithee tell me — nay, you ſhan't go Brother.

Mr. Pin. I muſt of neceſſity, but I'll come to you at dinner. *Exit* Pinchwife.

Spar. But *Harry*, what have I a Rival in my Wife already! but with'al my heart, for he may be of uſe to me hereafter, for though my hunger is now my ſawce, and I can fall on heartily without, but the time will come, when a Rival will be as good ſawce for a married Man to a Wife, as an Orange to Veal.

Hor. O thou damn'd Rogue, thou haſt ſet my teeth on edge with thy Orange.

Spar. Then let's to dinner, there I was with you again, come.

Hor. But who dines with thee?

Spar. My Friends and Relations, my Brother *Pinchwife*, you ſee, of your acquaintance.

Hor. And his Wife.

Spar. No 'gad, he'll ne'er let her come amongſt us good Fellows, your ſtingy Country Coxcomb keeps his Wife from his Friends, as he does his little Firkin of Ale, for his own drinking, and a Gentleman can't get a ſnack on't, but his Servants, when his back is turn'd, broach it at their pleaſures, and duſt it away, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I am witty I think, conſidering I was married to day, by the World, but come ——

Har. No, I will not dine with you, unleſs you can fetch her too.

Spar. Pſhaw, what pleaſure canſt thou have with Women now, *Harry*.

Hor. My eyes are not gone, I love a good proſpect yet, and will not dine with you, unleſs ſhe does too, go fetch her therefore, but do not tell her Husband, 'tis for my ſake.

Spar. Well, I'll go try what I can do, in the mean time come away to my Aunts lodging, 'tis in the way to *Pinchwife*'s.

Hor. The poor Woman has call'd for aid, and ſtretch'd forth her hand, Doctor, I cannot but help, her over the Pale out of the Bryars. [*Exeunt* Sparkiſh, Horner, Quack.

The Scene changes to Pinchwife's *houſe.*

Mrs. Pinchwife *alone, leaning on her elbow.* *A Table, Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Mrs. Pin. Well 'tis e'en ſo, I have got the *London* Diſeaſe, they call Love; I am ſick of my Husband, and for my Gallant, I have heard this Diſtemper call'd a Fever, but methinks 'tis liker an Ague, for when I think of my Husband, I tremble, and am in a cold ſweat, and have inclinations to vomit, but when I think of my Gallant, dear Mr. *Horner*, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a Fever, indeed, and as in other Fevers, my own Chamber is tedious to me, and I wou'd fain be removed to his, and then methinks I ſhou'd be well; ah poor Mr. *Horner*, well I cannot, will not ſtay here, therefore I'll

mak:

make an end of my Letter to him, which ſhall be a finer Letter than my laſt, becauſe I have ſtudied it like any thing; O Sick, Sick; [*Takes the Pen and writes.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, *who ſeeing her writing, ſteals ſoftly behind her, and looking over her ſhoulder, ſnatches the Paper from her.*

Mr. Pin. What, writing more Letters?

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, Bud, why d'ye fright me ſo? [*She offers to run out: he ſtops her, and reads.*

Mr. Pin. How's this! nay, you ſhall not ſtir Madam. Dear, dear, dear, Mr. *Horner* — very well — I have taught you to write Letters to good purpoſe — but let's ſee't.

Firſt I am to beg your pardon for my boldneſs in writing to you, which I'd have you to know, I would not have done, had you not ſaid firſt you lov'd me ſo extremely, which if you do, you will never ſuffer me to lie in the arms of another Man, whom I loath, nauſeate, and deteſt — [Now you can write theſe filthy words] but what follows — Therefore, I hope you will ſpeedily find ſome way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I aſſure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do, but you muſt help me away before to morrow, or elſe alas I ſhall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our ——— our — —— what is to follow our — ——ſpeak what? our Journey into [*The Letter concludes.*

the Country I ſuppoſe——— Oh Woman, damn'd Woman, and Love, damn'd Love, their old Tempter, for this is one of his miracles; in a moment he can make thoſe blind that cou'd ſee, and thoſe ſee that were blind, thoſe dumb that cou'd ſpeak, and thoſe prattle who were dumb before, nay, what is more than all, make theſe dow-bak'd, ſenſleſs, indocile animals, Women, too hard for us their Politick Lords and Rulers in a moment; But make an end of your Letter, and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together. [*Draws his Sword.*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, O Lord, you are ſuch a paſſionate Man, Bud.

Enter Sparkiſh.

Spar. How now, what's here to do?

Mr. Pin. This Fool here now!

Spar. What, draw upon your Wife! you ſhou'd never do that, but at night in the dark, when you can't hurt her, this is my Siſter-in-law, is it not? ay, faith e'en our Country *Margery*, [*Pulls aſide her Handkerchief.*] one may know her; come, ſhe and you muſt go to dine with me, dinner's ready, come, but where's my Wife, is ſhe not come home yet, where is ſhe?

Mr. Pin. Making you a Cuckold, 'tis that they alſo do, as ſoon as they can.

Spar. What the Wedding day! no, a Wife that deſigns to make a Cuckold of her Husband, will be ſure to let him win the firſt ſtake of love, by the World; but come they ſtay dinner for us, come I'll lead down our *Margery*.

Mrs Pin. No —— Sir go, we'll follow you.

Spar. I will not wag without you.

Mr. Pin. This Coxcomb is a ſenſible torment to me amidſt the greateſt in the World.

Spar. Come, come Madam *Margery*.

Mr. Pin. No, I'll lead her my way, what wou'd you treat your Friends with mine, for want of your own Wife? [*Leads her to t'other door, and locks her in, and returns.*

I am

I am contented my rage ſhou'd take breath——— [*Aſide.*

Spar. I told *Horner* this.

Mr. Pin. Come now.

Spar. Lord, how ſhye you are of your Wife; but let me tell you Brother, we Men of Wit have amongſt us a ſaying, that Cuckolding like the ſmall Pox comes with a fear, and you may keep your Wife as much as you will out of danger of infection, but if her conſtitution incline her to't, ſhe'll have it ſooner or later by the World, ſay they.

Mr. Pin. What a thing is a Cuckold, that every Fool can make him ridiculous —— (*Aſide.*

Well Sir——But let me adviſe you, now you are come to be concern'd, becauſe you ſuſpect the danger, not to neglect the means to prevent it, eſpecially when the greateſt ſhare of the Malady will light upon your own heads, for———

How ſoe're the kind Wife's Belly comes to ſwell,
The Husband breeds for her, and firſt is ill.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mr. Pinchwife's *Houſe.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife *and Mrs.* Pinchwife. *A Table and Candle.*

Mr. Pin. COme, take the Pen and make an end of the Letter, juſt as you intended; if you are falſe in a tittle, I ſhall ſoon perceive it, and puniſh you with this as you deſerve, [*Lays his hand on his Sword.*] write what was to follow———let's ſee——— [You muſt make haſte and help me away before to morrow, or elſe I ſhall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our——-] What follows our?——

Mrs. Pin. Muſt all out then Budd?——— Look you there then. { *Mrs.* Pinch. *takes the Pen and writes.*

Mr. Pin. Let's ſee—[For I can defer no longer our———Wedding——Your ſlighted *Alithea*] What's the meaning of this, my Siſter's name to't, ſpeak, unriddle?

Mrs. Pin. Yes indeed, Budd.

Mr. Pin. But why her name to't ſpeak, ——ſpeak, I ſay?

Mrs. Pin. Ay, but you'll tell her then again, if you wou'd not tell her again ——

Mr. Pin. I will not, I am ſtunn'd, my head turns round, ſpeak.

Mrs. Pin. Won't you tell her indeed, and indeed.

Mr. Pin. No, ſpeak, I ſay.

Mrs. Pin. She'll be angry with me, but I had rather ſhe ſhould be angry with me, than you Budd; and to tell you the truth, 'twas ſhe made me write the Letter, and taught me what I ſhould write.

Mr. Pin. Ha——— [I thought the ſtile was ſomewhat better than her own,] [*Aſide.* cou'd ſhe come to you to teach you, ſince I had lock'd you up alone?

Mrs. Pin. O through the key-hole, Budd.

Mr. Pin. But why ſhou'd ſhe make you write a Letter for her to him, ſince ſhe can write her ſelf?

Mrs. Pin. Why ſhe ſaid becauſe——for I was unwilling to do it.

Mr. Pin. Becauſe what——becauſe.

Mrs. Pin. Becauſe leſt Mr. *Horner* ſhould be cruel, and refuſe her, or vain afterwards, and ſhew the Letter, ſhe might diſown it, the hand not being hers.

Mr. Pin. How's this? ha —— then I think I ſhall come to my ſelf again —— This changeling cou'd not invent this lye, but if ſhe cou'd, why ſhould ſhe? ſhe might think I ſhould ſoon diſcover it—— ſtay—— now I think on't too, *Horner* ſaid he was ſorry ſhe had married *Sparkiſh*, and her diſowning her marriage to me, makes me think ſhe has evaded it, for *Horner*'s ſake, yet why ſhould ſhe take this courſe? but Men in love are fools, Women may well be ſo—— (*Aſide.*

But hark you Madam, your Siſter went out in the morning, and I have not ſeen her within ſince.

Mrs. Pin. Alack a day, ſhe has been crying all day above it ſeems in a corner.

Mr. Pin. Where is ſhe, let me ſpeak with her.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, then he'll diſcover all—— [*Aſide.*

Pray hold Budd, what d'ye mean to diſcover me, ſhe'll know I have told you then, pray Budd let me talk with her firſt——

Mr. Pin. I muſt ſpeak with her, to know whether *Horner* ever made her any promiſe, and whether ſhe be married to *Sparkiſh* or no.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, dear Budd don't, till I have ſpoken with her, and told her that I have told you all, for ſhe'll kill me elſe.

Mr. Pin. Go, then, and bid her come out to me.

Mrs. Pin. Yes, yes Budd——

Mr. Pin. Let me ſee——

Mrs. Pin. I'll go, but ſhe is not within to come to him, I have juſt got time to know of *Lucy* her Maid, who firſt ſet me on work, what lye I ſhall tell next, for I am e'en at my wits end—— [*Exit Mrs.* Pin.

Mr. Pin. Well, I reſolve it, *Horner* ſhall have her, I'd rather give him my Siſter, then lend him my Wife, and ſuch an alliance will prevent his pretenſions to my Wife ſure——— I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her.

[*Mrs.* Pinchwife *returns*

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, Budd, I told you what anger you would make me with my Siſter.

Mr. Pin. Won't ſhe come hither?

Mrs. Pin. No, no, alack a day, ſhe's asham'd to look you in the face, and ſhe ſays, if you go in to her, ſhe'll run away down ſtairs, and ſhamefully go her ſelf to Mr. *Horner*, who has promis'd her marriage, ſhe ſays, and ſhe will have no other, ſo ſhe won't——

Mr. Pin. Did he ſo——promiſe her marriage——then ſhe ſhall have no other, go tell her ſo, and if ſhe will come and diſcourſe with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately, go—— (*Exit Mrs.* Pinchwife

His eſtate is equal to *Sparkiſh*'s, and his extraction as much better than his, as his parts are; but my chief reaſon is, I'd rather be of kin to him by the name of Brother-in-law, than that of Cuckold———

Well what ſays ſhe now?

Mrs. Pin. Why ſhe ſays ſhe would only have you lead her to *Horner*'s lodging—— with whom ſhe firſt will diſcourſe the matter before ſhe talks with you, which yet ſhe cannot do; for alack poor creature, ſhe ſays ſhe can't ſo much as look you in the face, therefore ſhe'll come to you in a maſk, and you muſt excuſe her if ſhe make you no anſwer

swer to any question of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. *Horner*, and if you will not chide her, nor question her, she'll come out to you immediately.

Mr. Pin. Let her come; I will not speak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

Mrs. Pin. Oh, I forgot, besides she says, she cannot look you in the face, tho through a mask, therefore wou'd desire you to put out the Candle.

Mr. Pin. I agree to all, let her make hast———— there 'tis out——My case is something better; I'd rather fight with *Horner*, for not lying with my Sister, than for lying with my Wife; and of the two, I had rather find my Sister too forward, than my Wife, I expected no other from her free education, as she calls it, and her passion for the Town —— well —— Wife and Sister are names which make us expect Love and Duty, Pleasure and Comfort but we find 'em plagues and torments, and are equally, though differently, troublesom to their keeper; for we have as much ado to get People to lie with our Sisters, as to keep 'em from lying with our Wives. *Exit Mrs.* Pinchwife, *puts out the Candle.*

Enter Mrs. Pinchwife *Masked and in a Hood and Scarf, and a Night-gown and Petticoat of* Alitheas, *in the dark.*

What are you come Sister? let us go then—but first let me lock up my Wife. Mrs. *Margery*, where are you?

Mrs. Pin. Here Budd.

Mr. Pin. Come hither, that I may lock you up, get you in. Come Sister, where are you now? *Locks the door*

[*Mrs.* Pinch. *gives him her hand, but when he lets her go, she steals softly on t'other side of him, and is led away by him for his Sister* Alithea]

The Scene changes to Horner's *Lodging.*

Quack, Horner.

Qu. What all alone, not so much as one of your Cuckolds here, nor one of their Wives! they use to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

Hor. Yes, it often happens that a Cuckold is but his Wife's spie, and is more upon family duty, when he is with her gallant abroad hindering his pleasure, than when he is at home with her playing the Gallant; but the hardest duty a married Woman imposes upon a Lover, is keeping her Husband company always.

Qu. And his fondness wearies you almost as soon as hers.

Hor. A Pox, keeping a Cuckold company after you have had his Wife, is as tiresome as the Company of a Country Squire to a witty Fellow of the Town, when he has got all his Mony.

Qu. And as at first a Man makes a Friend of the Husband to get the Wife, so at last you are fain to fall out with the Wife to be rid of the Husband.

Hor. Ay, most Cuckold-makers are true Courtiers, when once a poor Man has crack'd his credit for 'em they can't abide to come near him.

Qu. But at first to draw him in are so sweet, so kind, so dear, just as you are to *Pinchwife*; but what becomes of that intrigue with his Wife?

Hor. A Pox, he's as surly as an Alderman that has been bit, and since he's so coy, his Wife's kindness is in vain, for she's a silly innocent.

Qu. Did she not send you a Letter by him?

Hor. Yes, but that's a riddle I have not yet solv'd——allow the poor creature to be willing, she is silly too, and he keeps her up so close ———

Qu. Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, and adds but revenge to her love, which two, when met, seldom fail of satisfying each other one way or other.

Hor. What, here's the man we are talking of, I think.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, *leading in his Wife masked, muffled, and in her Sister's Gown.*

Hor. Pshaw.

Qu. Bringing his Wife to you is the next thing to bringing a Love Letter from her.

Ho. What means this?

Mr. Pin. The last time you know Sir, I brought you a Love Letter, now you see a Mistress, I think you'll say I am a civil Man to you.

Hor. Ay, the Devil take me, I will say thou art the civillest Man I ever met with, and I have known some; I fancy, I understand thee now, better than I did the Letter, but hark thee in the ear ———

Mr. Pin. What?

Hor. Nothing but the usual question Man, is she sound on thy word?

Mr. Pin. What you take her for a Wench, and me for a Pimp?

Hor. Pshaw, Wench and Pimp, paw words, I know thou art an honest Fellow, and hast a great acquaintance among the Ladies, and perhaps, hast made love for me, rather than let me make love to thy Wife ——

Mr. Pin. Come Sir, in short, I am for no fooling.

Hor. Nor I neither, therefore, prithee let's see her face presently, make her show Man, art thou sure I don't know her?

Mr. Pin. I am sure you do know her.

Hor. A Pox, why dost thou bring her to me then?

Mr. Pin. Because she's a Relation of mine.

Hor. Is she faith Man, then thou art still more civil and obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin Who desired me to bring her to you.

Hor. Then she is obliging, dear Rogue.

Mr. Pin. You'll make her welcome for my sake I hope.

Hor. I hope she's handsome enough to make her self welcome; prithee let her unmask.

Mr. Pin. Do you speak to her, she wou'd never be rul'd by me.

Hor. Madam—— [*Mrs.* Pinch. *whispers to* Hor. She says she must speak with me in private, withdraw prithee.

Mr. Pin. She's unwilling, it seems, I shou'd know all her undecent conduct in this business—— (*Aside.* Well then I'll leave you together, and hope when I am gone you'll agree, if not you and I shan't agree, Sir.———

Hor. What means the Fool?———if she and I agree 'tis no matter what you and I do.

[*Whispers to Mrs.* Pin. *who makes signs with her hands for him to be gone*]

Mr. Pin. In the mean time I'll fetch a Parson, and find out *Sparkish*, and disabuse him. You wou'd have me fetch a Parson, would you not? well then——Now I think I am rid of her, and shall have no more trouble with her——Our Sisters and Daughters like Usurers

Uſurers money, are ſafeſt when put out; but our Wives, like their Writings, never ſafe, but in our Cloſets under Lock and Key. (*Exit Mr.* Pin.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir *Jaſper Fidget*, Sir, is coming up.

Hor. Here's the trouble of a Cuckold, now we are talking of, a pox on him, he has not enough to do to hinder his Wife's ſport, but he muſt other Women's too.—Step in here, Madam. (*Exit Mrs.* Pin.

Enter Sir. Jaſper,

Sr. Jaſ. My beſt and deareſt Friend.

Hor. The old ſtile, Doctor ———

Well, be ſhort, for I am buſie, what would your impertinent Wife have now?

Sr. Jaſ. Well gueſs'd y' faith, for I do come from her.

Hor. To invite me to ſupper, tell her I can't come, go.

Sr. Jaſ. Nay, now you are out, faith, for my Lady and the whole knot of the virtuous gang, as they call themſelves, are reſolved upon a frolick of coming to you to night in Maſquerade, and are all dreſt already.

Hor. I ſhan't be at home.

Sr. Jaſ. Lord, how churliſh he is to Women———nay, pray thee don't diſappoint 'em, they'll think 'tis my fault, prithee don't, I'll ſend in the Banquet and the Fiddles, but make no noiſe on't, for the poor virtuous Rogues would not have it known for the World, that they go a Maſquerading, and they would come to no Man's Ball, but yours.

Hor. Well, well——get you gone, and tell 'em, if they come, 'twill be at the Peril of their honours and yours.

Sr. Jaſ. Heh, he, he —— we'll truſt you for that, farewell— (*Exit Sir* Jaſper.

Hor. Doctor anon you too ſhall be my gueſt.

But now I'm going to a private feaſt.

The Scene changes to the Piazza *of* Covent-Garden.

Sparkiſh, Pinchwife.

Spar. But who would have thought a Woman could have been falſe to me, by the World, I could not have thought it. [*Spar. with the Letter in his hand.*

Mr. Pin. You were for giving and taking Liberty, ſhe has taken it only Sir, now you find in that Letter, you are a frank Perſon, and ſo is ſhe you ſee there.

Spar. Nay, if this be her hand —— for I never ſaw it.

Spar. 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand or no, I am ſure this hand at her deſire led her to Mr. *Horner*, with whom I left her juſt now, to go to fetch a Parſon to 'em at their deſire too, to deprive you of her for ever, for it ſeems yours was but a mock marriage.

Spar. Indeed, ſhe wou'd needs have it, that 'twas *Harcourt* himſelf in a Parſon's Habit that married us, but I'm ſure he told me 'twas his Brother *Ned.*

Mr. Pin. O, there 'tis out, and you were deceiv'd, not ſhe, for you are ſuch a frank perſon — but I muſt be gone — you'll find her at Mr. *Horner's*, go and believe your eyes. [*Exit Mr.* Pin.

Spar. Nay I'll to her, and call her as many Crocodiles, Syrens, Harpies, and other heatheniſh names, as a Poet would do a Miſtreſs, who had refus'd to hear his ſuit, nay more, his Verſes on her.

But

But ſtay, is not that ſhe following a Torch at t'other end of the *Piazza*, and from *Horner*'s? certainly—— 'tis ſo——

Enter Alithea *following a Torch, and* Lucy *behind.*

You are well met, Madam, though you don't think ſo; what you have made a ſhort viſit to Mr. *Horner*, but, I ſuppoſe, you'll return to him preſently, by that time the Parſon can be with him.

Alith. Mr. *Horner*, and the Parſon, Sir ——

Spar. Come, Madam, no more diſſembling, no more jilting, for I am no more a frank perſon.

Alith. How's this.

Lucy. So, 'twill work I ſee —— (*Aſide.*

Spar. Could you find out no eaſie Country Fool to abuſe? none but me, a Gentleman of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town, but it was your pride to be too hard for a Man of Parts, unworthy falſe Woman, falſe as a Friend that lends a Man money to loſe, falſe as Dice, who undo thoſe that truſt all they have to 'em.

Lucy He has been a great bubble by his ſimilies, as they ſay—— (*Aſide.*

Alith. You have been too merry, Sir, at your Wedding-dinner ſure.

Spar. What d'ye mock me too?

Alith. Or you have been deluded.

Spar. By you.

Alith. Let me underſtand you.

Spar. Have you the confidence, I ſhou'd call it ſomething elſe, ſince you know your guilt, to ſtand my juſt reproaches? you did not write an impudent Letter to Mr. *Horner*, who I find now has club'd with you in deluding me with his averſion for Women, that I might not forſooth ſuſpect him for my Rival.

Lucy. D'ye think the Gentleman can be jealous now Madam—— (*Aſide.*

Alith. I write a Letter to Mr. *Horner*!

Spar. Nay, Madam, do not deny it, your Brother ſhew'd it me juſt now, and told me likewiſe he left you at *Horner*'s lodging to fetch a Parſon, to marry you to him, and I wiſh you joy, Madam, joy, joy, and to him too, much joy, and to my ſelf more joy, for not marrying you.

Alith. So, I find my Brother would break off the match, and I can conſent to't, ſince I ſee this Gentleman can be made jealous. (*Aſide.*

O *Lucy*, by his rude uſage and jealouſie, he makes me almoſt afraid I am married to him, art thou ſure 'twas *Harcourt* himſelf, and no Parſon that married us?

Spar. No, Madam, I thank you, I ſuppoſe that was a contrivance too of Mr. *Horner*'s and yours, to make *Harcourt* play the Parſon, but I would as little as you have him one now, no not for the World; for ſhall I tell you another truth, I never had any paſſion for you, 'till now, for now I hate you; 'tis true, I might have married your portion, as other Men of Parts of the Town do ſometimes; and ſo your Servant and to ſhew my unconcernedneſs, I'll come to your Wedding, and reſign you with as much joy, as I would a ſtale Wench to a new Cully, nay, with as much joy as I would after the firſt night, if I had been married to you; there's for you, and ſo your Servant, Servant.

(*Exit* Spar.

Alith. How was I deceiv'd in a Man!

Lucy. You'll believe then a Fool may be made jealous now? for that eaſineſs in him that ſuffers

ſuffers him to be led by a Wife, will likewiſe permit him to be perſwaded againſt her by others.

Alith. But marry Mr. *Horner*, my Brother does not intend it ſure; if I thought he did, I wou'd take thy advice, and Mr. *Harcourt* for my Husband; and now I wiſh, that if there be any over wiſe Woman of the Town, who like me wou'd marry a Fool, for Fortune, Liberty, or Title; firſt, that her Husband may love Play, and be a Cully to all the Town, but her, and ſuffer none but Fortune to be Miſtreſs of his purſe; then if for Liberty, that he may ſend her into the Country, under the conduct of ſome houſewifely Mother-in-law; and if for Title, may the World give 'em none but that of Cuckold.

Lucy. And for her greater Curſe, Madam, may he not deſerve it.

Alith. Away impertinent—is not this my old Lady *Lanterlus?*

Lucy. Yes, Madam. [And here I hope, we ſhall find Mr. *Harcourt* ——— (*Aſide*

(*Exeunt* Ali. Lucy

The Scene changes again to Horner's *Lodging.*

Horner, Lady Fidget, *Mrs.* Dainty Fidget, *Mrs.* Squeamiſh, *a Table, Banquet, and Bottles.*

Hor. A Pox, they are come too ſoon —— before I have ſent back my new—Miſtreſs, all I have now to do, is to lock her in, that they may not ſee her ——— (*Aſide.*

La. Fid. That we may be ſure of our welcome, we have brought an entertainment with us, and are reſolved to treat thee, dear Toad.

Dain. And that we may be merry to purpoſe, have left Sir *Jaſper* and my old Lady *Squeamiſh* quarrelling at home at Baggammon,

Squeam. Therefore let us make uſe of our time, leſt they ſhou'd chance to interrupt us.

La. Fid. Let us ſit then.

Hor. Firſt, that you may be private, let me lock this door, and that, and I'll wait upon you preſently.

La. Fid. No, Sir, ſhut 'em only and your lips for ever, for we muſt truſt you as much as our Women.

Hor. You know all vanity's kill'd in me, I have no occaſion for talking.

La. Fid. Now, Ladies, ſuppoſing we had drank each of us our two Bottles, let us ſpeak the truth of our hearts.

Dain. and *Squeam.* Agreed.

La. Fid. By this Brimmer, for truth is no where elſe to be found, [Not in thy heart falſe Man. (*Aſide to* Hor.

Hor. You have found me a true Man I'm ſure. (*Aſide to Lady* Fid.

La. Fid. Not every way——— (*Aſide to* Hor.

But let us ſit and be merry.

Lady Fidget *ſings.*

I.

Why ſhould our damn'd Tyrants oblige us to live
On the pittance of Pleaſure which they only give?
We muſt not rejoice,
With Wine and with noiſe.

In

In vain we muſt wake in a dull bed alone,
Whilſt to our warm Rival the Bottle, they're gone.
Then lay aſide charms,
And take up theſe arms * * The Glaſſes.

II.

'Tis Wine only gives 'em their Courage and Wit,
Becauſe we live ſober to Men we ſubmit.
If for Beauties you'd paſs,
Take a lick of the Glaſs,
'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,
The beſt red we have is the red of the Grape,
Then Siſters lay't on,
And damn a good ſhape.

Dain. Dear Brimmer, well in token of our openneſs and plain dealing, let us throw our Maſks over our heads.

Hor. So 'twill come to the Glaſſes anon.

Squeam. Lovely Brimmer, let me enjoy him firſt.

La. Fid. No, I never part with a Gallant, till I have try'd him. Dear Brimmer, that makeſt our Husbands ſhort-ſighted.

Dain. And our baſhful Gallants bold.

Squeam. And for want of a Gallant, the Butler lovely in our eyes, drink Eunuch.

La. Fid. Drink thou repreſentative of a Husband, damn a Husband.

Dain. And as it were a Husband, an old keeper.

Squeam. And an old Grandmother.

Hor. And an Engliſh Bawd, and a French Chirurgeon.

La. Fid. Ay, we have all reaſon to curſe 'em.

Hor. For my ſake Ladies.

La. Fid. No, for our own, for the firſt ſpoils all young Gallants induſtry.

Dain. And the others art makes 'em bold only with common Women.

Squeam. And rather run the hazard of the vile Diſtemper amongſt them, than of a denial amongſt us.

Dain. The filthy Toads chuſe Miſtreſſes now, as they do Stuffs, for having been fancy'd and worn by others.

Squeam. For being common and cheap.

La. Fid. Whilſt Women of Quality, like the richeſt Stuffs, lie untumbled, and unask'd for.

Hor. Ay, neat, and cheap, and new, often they think beſt.

Dain. No, Sir, the Beaſts will be known by a Miſtreſs longer than by a ſuit.

Squeam. And 'tis not for cheapneſs neither.

La. Fid. No, for the vain Fops will take up Druggets, and embroider 'em, but I wonder at the depraved appetites of witty Men, they uſe to be out of the common road, and hate imitation, pray tell me Beaſt, when you were a Man, why you rather choſe to club with a multitude in a common houſe, for an entertainment, than to be the only gueſt at a good Table.

Hor. Why

Hor. Why, faith, ceremony and expectation are unſufferable to thoſe that are ſharp bent. People always eat with the beſt ſtomach at an Ordinary where every Man is ſnatching for the beſt bit.

La. Fid. Though he get a cut over the fingers —— but I have heard People eat moſt heartily of another Man's meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

Hor. When they are ſure of their welcome and freedom, for ceremony in love and eating is as ridiculous as in fighting, falling on briskly is all ſhould be done in thoſe occaſions.

La. Fid. Well, then let me tell you, Sir, there is no where more freedom than in our Houſes, and we take freedom from a young Perſon as a ſign of good breeding, and a Perſon may be as free as he pleaſes with us, as frolick, as gameſome, as wild as he will.

Hor. Han't I heard you all declaim againſt wild Men.

La. Fid. Yes, but for all that, we think wildneſs in a Man as deſirable a quality, as in a Duck or Rabbet; a tame Man, foh.

Hor. I know not, but your Reputations frightned me, as much as your Faces invited me.

La. Fid. Our Reputation, Lord! Why ſhou'd you not think that we Women make uſe of our Reputation, as you Men of yours, only to deceive the World with leſs ſuſpition; our Virtue is like the State-men's Religion, the Quaker's Word, the Gameſter's Oath, and the great Man's Honour, but to cheat thoſe that truſt us.

Squeam. And that Demureneſs, Coyneſs, and Modeſty, that you ſee in our Faces in the Boxes at Plays, is as much a ſign of a kind Woman, as a Vizard-Mask in the Pit.

Dain. For I aſſure you, Women are leaſt mask'd, when they have the Velvet Vizard on.

La. Fid. You wou'd have found us honeſt Women in our denials only.

Squeam. Our baſhfulneſs is only the reflections of the Men's.

Dain. We bluſh, when they are ſhame-fac'd.

Hor. I beg your pardon Ladies, I was deceiv'd in you deviliſhly; but why that mighty pretence to Honour?

La. Fid. We have told you; but ſometimes 'twas for the ſame reaſon you Men pretend buſineſs often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better, and more privately thoſe you love.

Hor. But, why, wou'd you never give a Friend a wink then?

La. Fid. Faith, your Reputation frightned us as much, as ours did you, you were ſo notoriouſly lewd.

Hor. And you ſo ſeemingly honeſt.

La. Fid. Was that all that deterr'd you?

Hor. And ſo expenſive——you allow freedom you ſay.

La. Fid. Ay, ay.

Hor. That I was afraid of loſing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleaſures required.

La. Fid. Money, foh—you talk like a little fellow now, do ſuch as we expect money?

Hor. I beg your pardon, Madam, I muſt confeſs, I have heard that great Ladies, like great Merchants, ſet but the higher prizes upon what they have, becauſe they are not in neceſſity of taking the firſt.

Dain. Such as we make ſale of our hearts?

Squeam. We brib'd for our Love? Foh.

Hor. With your pardon, Ladies, I know, like great Men in Offices, you ſeem to exact flattery and attendance only from your Followers; but you have receivers about you, and ſuch Fees to pay, a Man is afraid to paſs your Grants; beſides we muſt let you win at Cards, or we loſe your hearts; and if you make an aſſignation, 'tis at a Goldſmiths, Jewellers, or China-houſe, where for your Honour, you depoſite to him, he muſt pawn his, to the punctual Cit, and ſo paying for what you take up, pays for what he takes up.

Dain. Wou'd you not have us aſſur'd of our Gallants Love?

Squeam. For Love is better known by Liberality, than by Jealouſie.

La. Fid. For one may be diſſembled, the other not——but my jealouſie can be no longer diſſembled, and they are telling ripe. (*Aſide.*
Come here's to our Gallants in waiting, whom we muſt name, and I'll begin, this is my falſe Rogue. (*Claps him on the back.*

Squeam. How!

Hor. So all will out now——

Squeam. Did you not tell me, 'twas for my ſake only, you reported your ſelf no man? (*Aſide to* Horner.

Dain. O Wretch! did you not ſwear to me, 'twas for my Love, and Honour, you paſs'd for that thing you do? (*Aſide to* Horner.

Hor. So, ſo.

La. Fid. Come, ſpeak, Ladies, this is my falſe Villain.

Squeam. And mine too.

Dain. And mine.

Hor. Well then you are all three my falſe Rogues too, and there's an end on't.

La. Fid. Well then, there's no remedy, Siſter ſharers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our Honour; though we get no Preſents, no Jewels of him, we are ſavers of our Honour, the Jewel of moſt value and uſe, which ſhines yet to the World unſuſpected, though it be counterfeit.

Hor. Nay, and is e'en as good as 'twere true, provided the World think ſo; for Honour, like Beauty now, only depends on the opinion of others.

La. Fid. Well *Harry* Common, I hope you can be true to three, ſwear, but 'tis to no purpoſe, to require your Oath; for you are as often forſworn, as you ſwear to new Women.

Hor. Come, faith Madam, let us e'en pardon one another, for all the difference I find betwixt we Men, and you Women, we forſwear our ſelves at the beginning of an Amour, you, as long as it laſts.

Enter Sir Jaſper Fidget, *and Old Lady* Squeamiſh.

Sr. Jaſ. Oh, my Lady *Fidget*, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. *Horner* without me? but you have been no where elſe, I hope.

La. Fid. No, Sir *Jaſper*.

Old L. Squeam. And you came ſtreight hither Biddy.

Squeam. Yes, indeed, Lady Grandmother.

Sr. Jaſ. 'Tis well, 'tis well, I knew when once they were throughly acquainted with poor *Horner*, they'd ne'er be from him; you may let her maſquerade it with my Wife, and *Horner*, and I warrant her Reputation ſafe.

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. O, Sir, here's the Gentleman come, whom you bid me not ſuffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a Lady too, and other Gentlemen ——

Hor. Do you all go in there, whilſt I ſend 'em away, and Boy do you deſire 'em to ſtay below 'till I come, which ſhall be immediately.

[*Exeunt Sir* Jaſper, *La.* Squeam. *La* Fidget, *Mrs.* Dainty, Squeamiſh.

Boy. Yes, Sir. (*Exit.*

[*Exit* Horner *at t'other door, and returns with Mrs.* Pinchwife.

Hor. You wou'd not take my advice to be gone home, before your Husband came back, he'll now diſcover all, yet pray my Deareſt be perſwaded to go home, and leave the reſt to my management, I'll let you down the back way.

Mrs. Pin. I don't know the way home, ſo I don't.

Hor. My man ſhall wait upon you.

Mrs. Pin. No, don't you believe, that I'll go at all; what are you weary of me already?

Hor. No, my life, 'tis that I may love you long, 'tis to ſecure my love, and your Reputation with your Husband, he'll never receive you again elſe.

Mrs. Pin. What care I, d'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you ſhall be my Husband now.

Hor. I cannot be your Husband, Deareſt, ſince you are married to him.

Mrs. Pin. O you wou'd make me believe that—don't I ſee every day at *London* here, Women leave their firſt Husbands, and go, and live with other Men as their Wives? piſh, pſhaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you ſo mainly.

Hor. So, they are coming up—In again, in, I hear 'em: (*Exit Mrs.* Pinchwife. Well, a ſilly Miſtreſs is like a week place, ſoon got, ſoon loſt, a Man has ſcarce time for plunder; ſhe betrays her Husband firſt to her Gallant, and then her Gallant to her Husband.

Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkiſh, Lucy, *and a Parſon.*

Mr. Pin. Come, Madam, 'tis not the ſudden change of your dreſs, the confidence of your aſſeverations, and your falſe witneſs there, ſhall perſwade me, I did not bring you hither, juſt now; here's my witneſs, who cannot deny it, ſince you muſt be confronted—Mr. *Horner*, did not I bring this Lady to you juſt now?

Hor. Now muſt I wrong one Woman for another's ſake, but that's no new thing with me; for in theſe caſes I am ſtill on the criminal's ſide, againſt the innocent. [*Aſide.*

Alith. Pray, ſpeak, Sir.

Hor. It muſt be ſo—— I muſt be impudent, and try my luck, impudence uſes to be too hard for truth. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Pin. What you are ſtudying an evaſion, or excuſe for her, Speak, Sir.

Hor. No, faith, I am ſomething backward only, to ſpeak in Woman's affairs or diſputes.

Mr. Pin. She bids you ſpeak.

Alith. Ay, pray, Sir, do, pray ſatisfie him.

Hor. Then, truly, you did bring that Lady to me juſt now.

Mr. Pin. O ho ——

Alith. How, Sir——

Har. How, *Horner*!

Alith. What mean you, Sir, I always took you for a Man of Honour?

Hor. Ay, ſo much a Man of Honour, that I muſt ſave my Miſtreſs, I thank you, come what will on't. [*Aſide.*

Spar. So if I had had her, ſhe'd have made me believe the Moon had been made of a Chriſtmas Pye.

Lucy. Now cou'd I ſpeak, if I durſt, and ſolve the Riddle, who am the Author of it. (*Aſide.*

Alith. O unfortunate Woman! a combination againſt my Honour, which moſt concerns me now, becauſe you ſhare in my diſgrace, Sir, and it is your cenſure which I muſt now ſuffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

Har. Madam, then have no trouble, you ſhall now ſee 'tis poſſible for me to love too, without being jealous, I will not only believe your innocence my ſelf, but make all the World believe it ——

Horner, I muſt now be concerned for this Ladies Honour. [*Apart to* Horner.

Hor. And I muſt be concerned for a Ladies Honour too.

Har. This Lady has her Honour, and I will protect it.

Hor. My Lady has not her Honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preſerve it.

Har. I underſtand you not.

Hor. I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pin. What's the matter with 'em all? [*Mrs.* Pinchwife *peeping in behind.*

Mr. Pin. Come, come, Mr. *Horner*, no more diſputing, here's the Parſon, I brought him not in vain.

Har. No, Sir, I'll imploy him, if this Lady pleaſe.

Mr. Pin. How, what d'ye mean?

Spar. Ay, what does he mean?

Hor. Why, I have reſign'd your Siſter to him, he has my conſent.

Mr. Pin. But he has not mine, Sir, a Woman's injur'd Honour, no more than a Man's, can be repair'd, or ſatisfied by any, but him that firſt wronged it; and you ſhall marry her preſently, or —— [*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

Enter to them Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pin. O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. *Horner*, beſides he ſhan't marry her whilſt I ſtand by, and look on, I'll not loſe my ſecond Husband ſo.

Mr. Pin. What do I ſee?

Alith. My Siſter in my Cloaths!

Spar. Ha!

Mrs. Pin. Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work for the Parſon, he ſhall marry me to Mr. *Horner*; for now, I believe, you have enough of me. [*To Mrs.* Pinch.

Hor. Damn'd, damn'd loving Changeling.

Mrs. Pin. Pray, Siſter, pardon me for telling ſo many lies of you.

Har. I ſuppoſe the Riddle is plain now.

Lucy. No, that muſt be my work, good Sir, hear me.

[*Kneels to Mr.* Pinch. *who ſtands doggedly, with his hat over his eyes.*

Mr. Pin. I will never hear Woman again, but make 'em all ſilent, thus —— (*Offers to draw upon his Wife.*

Hor. No, that muſt not be.

Mr. Pin. You then ſhall go firſt, 'tis all one to me. (*Offers to draw on* Hor. *ſtops by* Har.

Har. Hold ——

Enter

Enter Sir Jaſper Fidget, *Lady* Squeamiſh, *Mrs.* Dainty Fidget, *Mrs.* Squeamiſh.

Sr. Jaſ. What's the matter, what's the matter, pray, what's the matter, Sir? I beſeech you communicate, Sir.

Mr. Pin. Why, my Wife has communicated, Sir, as your Wife may have done too, Sir, if ſhe knows him, Sir——

Sr. Jaſ. Pſhaw, with him, ha, ha, he.

Mr. Pin. D'ye mock me Sir, a Cuckold is a kind of a wild Beaſt have a care, Sir——

Sr. Jaſ. No, ſure, you mock me, Sir—he Cuckold you! it can't be, ha, ha, he, why, I'll tell you, Sir. (*Offers to whiſper.*

Mr. Pin. I tell you again, he has Whor'd my Wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the Women he comes near; 'tis not his Diſſembling, his Hypocriſie can wheedle me.

Sr. Jaſ. How, does he diſſemble, is he Hypocrite? nay then —— how—Wife—— Siſter is he an Hypocrite?

Old L. Squeam. An Hypocrite, a Diſſembler, ſpeak young Harlotry, ſpeak how?

Sr. Jaſ. Nay, then——O my my head too——O thou libidinous Lady!

Old L. Squeam. O thou Harloting Harlotry, has thou don't then?

Sr. Jaſ. Speak, good *Horner*, art thou a Diſſembler, a Rogue? haſt thou——

Hor. Soh——

Lucy. I'll fetch you off, and her too, if ſhe will but hold her tongue. (*Apart to* Hor.

Hor. Canſt thou? I'll give thee—— (*Apart to* Lucy.

Lucy. (*to Mrs. Pin.*) Pray have patience but to hear me, Sir, who am the unfortunate cauſe of all this confuſion, your Wife is innocent, I only culpable; for I put her upon telling you all theſe lies, concerning my Miſtreſs, in order to the breaking off the match between Mr. *Sparkiſh* and her, to make way for Mr. *Harcourt*.

Spar. Did you ſo eternal Rotten-tooth? then it ſeems my Miſtreſs was not falſe to me, I was only deceiv'd by you. Brother, that ſhou'd have been, now man of conduct, who is a frank Perſon now, to bring your Wife to her Lover——ha——

Lucy. I aſſure you, Sir, ſhe came not to Mr. *Horner* out of love, for ſhe loves him no more——

Mrs. Pin. Hold, I told lies for you, but you ſhall tell none for me, for I do love Mr. *Horner* with all my ſoul, and no body ſhall ſay me nay; pray don't you go to make poor Mr. *Horner* believe to the contrary, 'tis ſpitefully done of you, I'm ſure.

Hor. Peace, Dear Ideot. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Pin.

Mrs. Pin. Nay, I will not peace

Mr. Pin. Not 'till I make you.

Enter Dorilant, Quack.

Dor. Horner, your Servant, I am the Doctor's Gueſt, he muſt excuſe our intruſion.

Qu. But what's the matter Gentlemen, for Heavens ſake, what's the matter?

Hor. Oh, 'tis well you are come——'tis a cenſorious World we live in, you may have brought me a reprieve, or elſe I had died for a crime I never committed, and theſe innocent Ladies had ſuffered with me, therefore pray ſatisfie theſe worthy, honourable, jealous Gentlemen ——that—— (*Whiſpers.*

Qu. O, I underſtand you, is that all——Sir *Jaſper*, by Heavens, and upon the word of a Phyſician, Sir.—— (*Whiſpers to Sir* Jaſper.

Sr. Jaſ. Nay, I do believe you truly——pardon me my virtuous Lady, and dear of honour.

Old L.

Old L. Squeam. What, then all's right again.

Sr. Jaſ. Ay, ay, and now let us ſatisfie him too. (*They whiſper with Mr.* Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin. An Eunuch! pray, no fooling with me.

Qu. I'll bring half the Chyrurgeons in Town to ſwear it.

Mr. Pin. They—— they'll ſwear a Man that bled to death through his wounds died of an Apoplexy.

Qu. Pray, hear me, Sir—— why all the Town has heard the report of him.

Mr. Pin. But does all the Town believe it?

Qu. Pray, inquire a little, and firſt of all theſe.

Mr. Pin. I'm ſure, when I left the Town, he was the lewdeſt fellow in't.

Qu. I tell you, Sir, he has been in *France* ſince, pray ask but theſe Ladies and Gentlemen, your Friend Mr. *Dorilant*, Gentlemen and Ladies, han't you all heard the late ſad report of poor Mr. *Horner*?

All Lad. Ay, ay, ay.

Dor. Why, thou jealous Fool, doſt thou doubt it, he's an errant *French* Capon.

Mrs. Pin. 'Tis falſe, Sir, you ſhall not diſparage poor Mr. *Horner*, for to my certain knowledge——

Lucy. O, hold——

Squeam. Stop her mouth. (*Aſide to* Lucy

Old La. Fid. Upon my honour, Sir, 'tis as true. (*To* Pinch.

Dain. D'ye think we wou'd have been ſeen in his Company——

Squeam. Truſt our unſpotted reputations with him!

Old La. Fid. This you get, and we too, by truſting your ſecret to a Fool—— (*Aſide to* Hor.

Hor. Peace, Madam,——well, Doctor, is not this a good deſign that carries a Man on unſuſpected, and brings him off ſafe. (*Aſide to* Quack.

Mr. Pin. Well, if this were true, but my Wife—— (*Aſide.*

(Dorilant *whiſpers with Mrs.* Pinch.

Alith. Come, Brother, your Wife is yet innocent you ſee, but have a care of too ſtrong an imagination, leſt like an over-concern'd timerous Gameſter, by fancying an unlucky caſt, it ſhould come, Women and Fortune are trueſt ſtill to thoſe that truſt 'em.

Lucy. And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the Keeper.

Alith. There's Doctrine for all Husbands Mr. *Harcourt*.

Har. I edifie, Madam, ſo much, that I am impatient till I am one.

Dor. And I edifie ſo much by example, I will never be one.

Spar. And becauſe I will not diſparage my parts I'll ne'er be one.

Hor. And I, alas, can't be one.

Mr. Pin. But I muſt be one——againſt my will to a Country-Wife, with a Country-murrain to me.

Mrs. Pin. And I muſt be a Country VVife ſtill too I find, for I can't, like a City one be rid of my muſty Husband, and do what I liſt. (*Aſide.*

Hor. Now, Sir, I muſt pronounce your VVife Innocent, though I bluſh while I do it, and I am the only Man by her now expos'd to ſhame, which I will ſtreight drown in VVine, as you ſhall your ſuſpicion, and the Ladies troubles we'll divert with a Ballet, Doctor where are your Maskers?

Lucy. In-

Lucy. Indeed, ſhe's innocent, Sir, I am her witneſs, and her end of coming out was, but to ſee her Siſters VVedding, and what ſhe has ſaid to your face of her love to Mr. *Horner* was, but the uſual innocent revenge on a Husband's jealouſie, was it not, Madam, ſpeak———

Mrs. Pin. Since you'll have me tell more lies——— (*Aſide to* Lucy *and* Horner. Yes, indeed, Budd.

Mr. Pin. For my own ſake fain I wou'd all believe.
Cuckolds like Lovers ſhou'd themſelves deceive.
But——— (*Sighs.*
His honour is leaſt ſafe, (too late I find)
VVho truſts it with a fooliſh VVife or Friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Hor. Vain Fopps, but court, and dreſs, and keep a pother,
To paſs for VVomen's Men, with one another.
But he who aims by VVomen to be priz'd,
Firſt by the Men you ſee muſt be deſpis'd.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE, ſpoken by Mrs. *Knep*.

NOW you the Vigorous, who dayly here
O'er Vizard Mask, in publick domineer,
And what you'd do to her if in Place where;
Nay, have the confidence, to cry come out,
Yet when ſhe ſays lead on, you are not ſtout;
But to your well-dreſt Brother ſtraight turn round
And cry, Pox on her Ned, *ſhe can't be ſound:*
Then ſlink away, a freſh one to engage,
With ſo much ſeeming heat and loving Rage,
You'd frighten liſtning Actreſs on the Stage;
Till ſhe at laſt has ſeen you huffing come,
And talk of keeping in the Tyring-Room.
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home;
Next you Fallſtaffs *of fifty, who beſet*
Your Buckram Maidenheads, which your Friends get:
And whilſt to them, you of Achievements boaſt,
They ſhare the booty, and laugh at your coſt,
In fine, you Eſſens't Boys, both Old and Young,
Who wou'd be thought ſo eager, brisk, and ſtrong,
Yet do the Ladies, not their Husbands, wrong:
Whoſe Purſes for your Manhood make excuſe,
And keep your Flanders Mares for ſhew, not uſe;
Encourag'd by our Woman's Man to day,
A Horner's *part may vainly think to play;*
And may Intreagues ſo baſhfully diſown,
That they may doubted be by few, or none,
May kiſs the Cards at Picquet, Hombre,——Lu,
And ſo be taught to kiſs the Lady too;
But Gallants, have a care, faith, what you do.
The World, which to no Man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive,
And Men may ſtill believe you Vigorous,
But then we Women,——— there's no cous'ning us.

FINIS.

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